



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

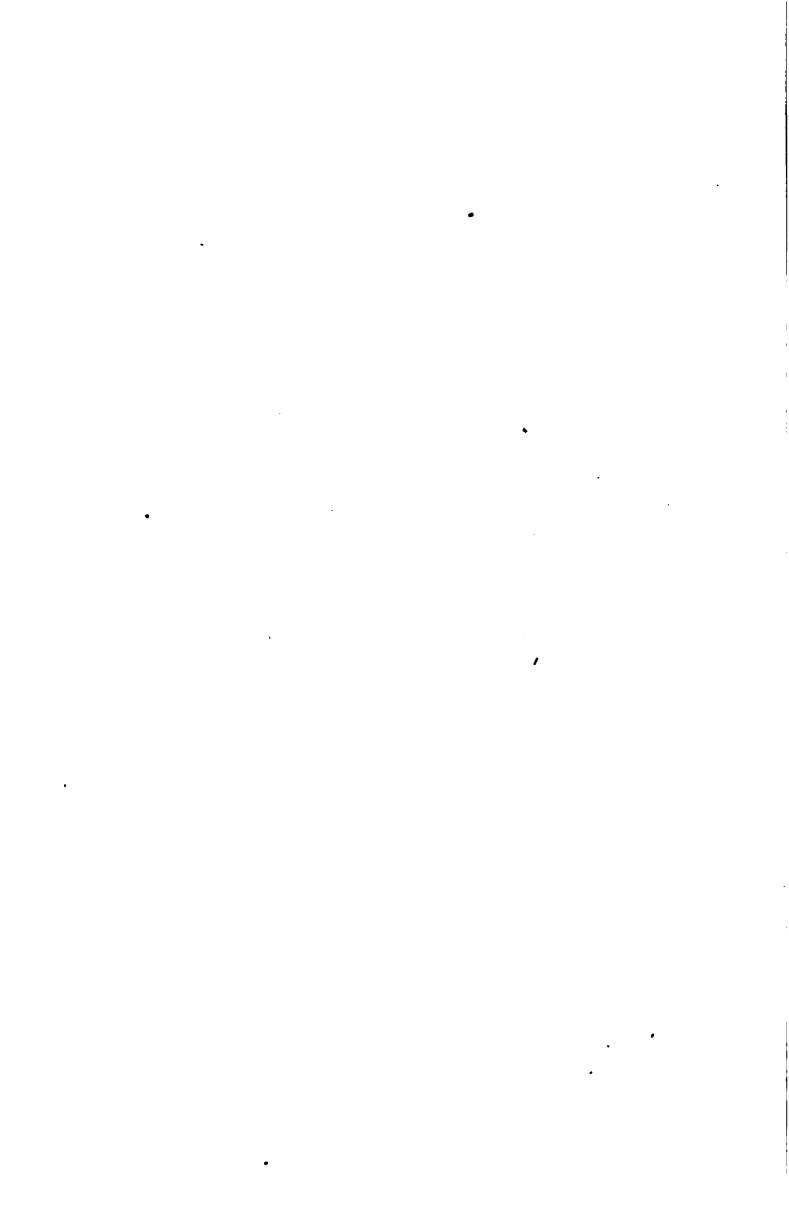
Ev



45. 306.







THE  
LAST ROSE OF SUMMER,

Preserved for my Friends ;

OR, A

COLLECTION OF SMALL POEMS,

BY

ROSE ELLEN H——

---

Fair was the Rose in its sunshine glow,  
Till wintry winds had kiss'd its brow ;  
Fair was each blossom painted clear,  
Its perfume was most beauteous, dear.  
Cruel the hand, with touch too bold,  
Who made the glowing Rose grow cold.  
Fair Rose ! scentless and hueless flow'r,  
We weep o'er thee in leafless bow'r.

---

LONDON :

KERR & CO. (LATE LLOYD), HARLEY STREET,  
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

---

M.DCCC.XLV.

**London :**  
**Richards, St. Martin's Lane.**



## INTRODUCTION.

---

No one reads poetry in this prose-loving age,—so say the booksellers, so say the publishers, so say my friends, so say I ; and still I cannot let my last Rose shiver in the autumnal gale without making an effort to preserve it.

Ladies, have compassion on it, for you will find on unfolding the leaves that you form the component parts of my flower. Let it not then wither on the counter of a shop, but give it a warm place on the cover of your drawing-room tables, or else, *au dernier desespoir*, I shall boldly seek a refuge in gentlemen's coat pockets.



Even a *too* warm reception from the public press is better than total oblivion ; but that lenient judge will not too severely find the thorns in the Last Rose of a young lady's bouquet.

---

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
To the Countess de Salis.....	1
Napoleon's Death .....	4
A Christmas Carol .....	6
Hark the birds in chorus singing .....	9
To little Bertha .....	12
To a faithful Servant .....	14
The Country Village .....	17
On a Picture of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal.....	23
On a Rumour of War .....	26
Impromptu.....	29
On the Ruins of Lee Church .....	30
France, je te dis Adieu.....	33
Stanzas on a Flower Garden .....	36
Stanzas on Melancholy .....	38
The Funeral Bell .....	40
Stanzas on Music.....	43
Jacques, je t'aime bien.....	45
La Réponse .....	48
To a Gentleman who quizzed me for writing with Blue Ink.....	51
What is an Author .....	53
To a very dear Friend.....	56
I'll whisper a word. To the same .....	59
Why do I rhyme ...	62

	PAGE
What is Platonic love?.....	65
Pray take my draught .....	68
To — .....	71
Say not I'm cold. To the same .....	73
Thou wert sad .....	76
Song. They bid me smile.....	78
Joanna of Naples.....	80
The Maiden's Farewell .....	83
The Poet's Lament .....	86
Lines addressed to the Baroness De Calabrella .....	90
To the Honorable Julia Augusta Maynard.....	92
To an absent Friend.....	94
To the Honorable Mrs. Marshall .....	96
To Uncle A—— .....	99
To Lady Harriet Howard .....	101
To the Baroness Ahlefeldt .....	103
To ——— .....	104
To Miss Morgan .....	106
To Miss Jane Porter .....	109
Lines suggested by the Hon. Mrs. Norton's Song, "My Childhood's Home" .....	112
To ——— .....	114
To a Schoolfellow.....	116
The Lone Leaf .....	119
Lines suggested by reading Mrs. Butler's Poems .....	121
The Blind Girl's Ballad .....	123
The Flower Girl's Ballad .....	125
Come where the Evening Star shines bright .....	129
Impromptu .....	131
A Dream of Life .....	132
Le Bouquet parlant .....	135
Au Soleil couchant .....	137
Il Pastore e Adele.....	140
Calme ta Douleur.....	143
Impromptu.....	145
The Young Milliner .....	146
My Girlhood's Farewell. To a tried Friend .....	148

	PAGE
THE ROMANCE OF A TWELVEMONTH.—January .....	153
February .....	159
March .....	165
April .....	171
May.....	177
June.....	184
July .....	187
August.....	192
September .....	195
October .....	198
November .....	202
December .....	205

---



THE  
LAST ROSE OF SUMMER,  
ETC.

---

TO THE COUNTESS DE SALIS.

---

MUSE, wreathe me now a gentle lay,  
Twine thy pow'r round my heart,  
No longer then I'll bid thee stay;  
When done thy task elsewhere depart.

Toss'd as a light bark o'er the seas,  
I scarce the shoals dare brave,  
Happy, kind Countess de Salis,  
If thou my bark wilt save.

Yes, guided by the voice I've heard,  
Harmless shall be my name,  
I'll follow, strengthen'd by thy word,  
The blameless road to fame.

If bright my roses sometimes bloom,  
They shall be cull'd with care,  
For well I know deep is the gloom  
Which blights a garden fair.

Fresh flowers in my wreath I'll twine,  
I'll tend them e'en for thee,  
My warmest wishes shall be thine,  
Those wishes here now see.

Oh Countess, frail indeed this life,  
A fitful, passing dream,  
And happy those who midst its strife  
Some rays of light can glean.

There is a charm thrown o'er a voice  
Which, like thine, speaks in truth,—

And oh how amiable the choice,  
Of guiding erring youth.

For thee I'll call the sweetest strain,  
And seek soft words to find,—  
But my poor Muse finds it so vain  
To speak words equal thine.

Then farewell, Countess de Salis,—  
Gratitude, my best lay,—  
In present clime, or distant seas,  
My heart towards thee will stray.

---



## NAPOLEON'S DEATH.



THE warrior lay on his death bed,  
His last words were utter'd with pain,  
Whilst death hover'd around his head,  
He would be with his own again.

“Tête d’armée !” he in sadness cried,  
And struggled midst most heavy sighs,  
His pulse was low, he vainly tried  
To raise again his dying eyes.

No more will he see his willow,  
He could not hear the billow's roar,  
His sunken eyes, so wan and hollow !  
Oh they will ne'er be open'd more.

The bow is bent, the arrow flown,  
The hero bends his head and dies ;  
He died !—And now the home is shown  
Where he heav'd his exiled sighs.

Napoleon, thus didst thou fall,  
And still for thee warm pulses beat,—  
Many lament thy death, and all  
Both thy glory and thy defeat.

---

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

---

To speak of Christmas is poetic,  
And I have not a poet's choice,  
For poets surely are pathetic,  
And my lay is but to rejoice.

Christmas ! I love thy snowy rigour,  
For Christmas is the time for glee,  
Then let all say, with earnest vigour,  
Oh Christmas is the time for me !

The schoolboy is not under law,  
No more he fears the birch and cane,  
In master's rules detects a flaw,  
And unmolested speaks again.

The clerk no longer braving weather,  
Daily repairs to desk or bar,  
He casts aside the worn goose feather,  
And thinks upon Bethlehem's star.

The labourer in his best buskin,  
Sits with his eldest on his knee ;  
His wife the plain pudding is making ;  
Oh, all around is mirth and glee !

The high-born lord of great quality,  
Dispenses his bounty to all,  
Sees the fruit of liberality,  
And gladness reigns in his rich hall.

I always love to hear the glad sound  
Of the high-pealing Sunday bells,

In tuneful mirth my heart I feel bound,  
So hallow'd sound the Christmas knells.

Christmas has a bountiful hand,  
It stretches far o'er all the earth,  
To north, to south, thro' all the land,  
Fancy ranges amidst the mirth.

---

## HARK! THE BIRDS IN CHORUS SINGING.

---

HARK! the birds in chorus singing,  
As they bound from spray to spray,  
The woods around sweetly ringing,  
Echo again the joyful lay ;  
'Tis heard e'en higher than the horn  
Of the bold hunter on the plain,  
Those strains seem as if never worn,—  
They pause, but they return again.

Hark! the birds in chorus singing,  
     They praise God in the morning first;  
 Always thus His wonders telling,  
     With them the trees in freshness burst.  
 There is, methinks, a mighty charm  
     In the gay lark's up-soaring cry,  
 It seems to make the heart feel warm,  
     As thus it mounts the azure sky.

Hark ! the birds in chorus singing,—  
     Hark to the chirping love-sick call,—  
 As onward they their flight are winging,  
     They gladden the cottage and hall ;  
 And even from most towering height,  
     We still can hear the lovely swell,  
 Those little songsters have some deep might,  
     Their grateful notes so loud to tell.

Hark ! the birds in chorus singing,  
     Heard in the most lonely recess,  
 Softly their notes o'er the air bringing,  
     How now they twitter and caress.

Oh come again then feather'd race,  
As soon as the spring is in view,  
As soon as summer leaves no more trace,  
Of winter keenly felt by you.

---



## TO LITTLE BERTHA.



DEAR Bertha, little sister mine,  
Thy own sweet name I love to speak,  
Poetry fails not at thy shrine,  
Thou little child, so good and sweet.

Unchequer'd now my childish years ;  
There is in childhood a deep pow'r,  
To smile amidst a show'r of tears,—  
Weep one moment, and laugh an hour.

Thy dimpled cheeks with health now shine,  
To thee all childlike joys belong,  
May years of such pure joy be thine,  
Mayst thou long sing to youth's bright song.

The yew trees which in the breeze wave,  
Once were threaten'd to bend and break,  
They were not always strong and grave ;  
To be wise, Bertha, years will take.

---

## TO A FAITHFUL SERVANT.



THY cares are o'er,—we've braved the storm  
Of childish weakness and alarm,  
But still towards thee we feel as warm,  
As when we hung upon thine arm.

Oh thou hast watch'd when none else knew  
That there was even care to tell,  
And now to thee we still prove true,  
Thou who loved our childhood well.

Some days thou hast seen very gay,  
 Sometimes thou hast seen joy expire,  
 But ofttimes we have felt the sway,  
 Thy spirits could our own inspire.

Oh it is sweet when thus we meet,  
 And talk o'er childish hours again,  
 Those hours which as a whirlwind fleet,  
 Those hours of mingled joy and pain.

When thou art old, I'll ne'er forget  
 That thou once prest my childish form,—  
 That when I was by ills beset,  
 Thou helped me to brave the storm.

Oh none will weep as I shall weep,  
 When far away thou tak'st thy wing,  
 When buried in ne'er waking sleep,  
 Thou dwellest e'en where angels sing.

Well sure am I, that should the fire  
 Of youth wither, e'en when *thy* star

Is radiant, thy love will not expire,  
But thou wouldst love me from afar.

Oh, should I sleep in churchyard ground,  
Betsey the spot too soon would trace,  
And as she knelt beside the mound,  
A tear would course her faithful face.

---

## THE COUNTRY VILLAGE.



Oh! kindly muse, inspire this page,  
Give my pen the wisdom of age;  
Oh, let me thus o'er scenery dwell,  
That scenic pow'r I feel so well;  
Oh, let me for one moment drink,  
High pathos from this dark black ink;  
Oh! let me think of mountains steep,  
Of shady dingles, green and deep;  
Let me think I once more inhale  
The fragrance of the flow'ry vale.

Have ye watch'd on a summer's morn,  
 The golden sun, as newly born,  
 It tinges, with a softened hue,  
 The green sward and the sky so blue,  
 Tips the pines, and kissing the mist,  
 Bids inclemency to desist?  
 And have ye seen the heavy fleet  
 Of clouds by the sun found defeat?  
 The god of light loves his career,  
 Mark'd by all that can please and cheer.  
 Now as the sun's first glorious beams,  
 Pour forth in heav'nly flowing streams,  
 The milk-maid, with her rosy cheek,  
 Comes forth the dewy morn to meet,—  
 As she appears in daylight's sight,  
 Her clear bright eye invites delight.

\* \* \* \*

Then lab'ers come forth with a song,  
 A healthy and a merry throng,  
 As they go by the daisied way,  
 A happy, motley group are they;

God's goodness more poor men proclaim,  
 Than heroes with their laurell'd fame!  
 Now children pour from every door,  
 And babes play, gasping, on the floor,  
 Whilst mothers pave the working way,  
 To drive keen poverty away.  
 Oh, surely then virtue is strong,  
 For, hark! we hear the joyous song,  
 In every clime it sweetly rhymes,  
 It tells of pure and virtuous times.

\* \* \* \*

And now is spread the homely fare,  
 Methinks not one sigh echoes there,  
 If coarse the bread, then hear the boast,  
 That thus it is relished most.  
 Now neighbours come, their friends to greet,  
 A kindly smile for all they meet.  
 Oh, honest sons of Britain's soil,  
 Sometimes the rich envy thy toil;  
 Oh worse than all human disgrace,  
 When is injur'd thine honest race!



The corn thou eatest, thy keen eye  
 Has watch'd its rise, and seen shafts die—  
 And thus learning, thy pensive mind  
 Sometimes knows more than rich mankind.

\*            \*            \*            \*

Now hushed is the bright lark's song,  
 His voice no more is firm and strong,  
 The morrow's morn will see him hie  
 Above, midst the ethereal sky;  
 The sheep are penned in the fold,  
 No more is heard the mastiff bold,  
 E'en the rivulet by the plain  
 Seems to have hush'd its murm'ring strain;  
 Evening has drawn her nightly veil  
 O'er that scenic and tranquil dale;  
 Night has succeeded to the day,  
 The pale moon now has pav'd her way,  
 The sun has sunken in the west,  
 Too bright to hover round man's rest;  
 And now the shepherd tunes his lyre,  
 And sings bard's songs with waken'd fire;

No hut too small, no hut too mean,  
 But some light joy they nightly glean,—  
 To those therein the hour of night,  
 Is Phœbe's welcome reign of light,  
 All toil is o'er, all work is done,  
 Oh happy then sons of Briton,  
 Happy your lives, for, clear the page  
 Of your manhood's unchequer'd stage.

\*            \*            \*

Oh lovely is the hour of night!  
 When brightly shines the moon's pale light,  
 Banks reflecting the soften'd tint,  
 And pebbles bright, and shining flint,  
 And pines around, the woods descry  
 As far as reaches mortal eye ;  
 And rivulets, in native vein,  
 Flow, ebb, rise, and then flow again ;  
 The steeple tow'rs in the moon beam,  
 Around its structure golden lights stream ;  
 The stars, too, holding nightly court,  
 Round Phœbe as guards they resort ;

What court of radiant beauty can  
Boast of such a light faëried clan ?  
As courtiers, the stars do not frown,  
Nor do they on the poor look down,  
Or rather, down on *all* they look,  
Divided merit will not brook.  
Oh, lovely heavens! thy expanse  
Is worth indeed th' admiring glance,  
My pen would linger, but 'tis past,  
And my long say is said at last.

---

•

ON  
A PICTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES  
AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

---

FAIR children of a princely race,  
Scarcely yet known on earth,  
How sweet the form, how fair the face,  
How beams the mouth with mirth.

Though royal, and though born so high,  
Your childish hours are still the best,  
For then what meets th' admiring eye,  
Is in gay colours drest.

Oh, bright is now the little soul,  
E'en as the young green tree,  
Those little hearts under control,  
Their blithesome hours now see.

Oh, mother of that royal boy,  
How wise must be the frown  
That, even midst his childish joy,  
Can ill from good disown.

Oh, mother of that princess fair,  
In that picture I trace,  
Marks of goodness imprinted there,  
Which no time can efface.

Victoria, thou our own sweet queen,  
Thy young heart is at peace,  
Where thou art known, e'en grief is seen  
To lull its pain and cease.

That hand which can thy children curb,  
That voice which can reprove,

Rules England with a high-strung nerve,  
Which no dangers can move.

Then, children of a royal race,  
Cherish our sovereign well,  
That beaming thro' your smiling face,  
Her own joy we may tell.

---

## ON A RUMOUR OF WAR.



I HOPE 'tis false, for oh I feel  
How vain is war's sad pride,  
How many leave a home of weal,  
How many leave a bride.

Oh, it is dreadful to impart  
The kiss upon the brow,  
And feel that soon the beating heart  
On the sod may be low.

.

To feel that each shaft must find aim,  
Perhaps in the loved breast,  
Where kindred throes have given claim,  
To lull a female's rest.

To gaze upon the much loved face,  
To see the beaming eyes,  
To know that war may soon efface,  
That look clear as the skies.

More solemn still to hear the sigh,  
And catch the falling tear,  
To know the bullets soon will fly  
Around that form so dear.

To snatch the last, the sadden'd kiss,  
To feel the warm pulse beat,  
Alas ! to think the cannon's hiss  
Those precious ears will meet.

Be calm, be calm my nervous pen,  
Oh, cease that dreadful dream,



Of peace alone then sing again,  
 Thy ink a peaceful stream.

Oh, surely France knows well the woe  
 Which war brings on all men,  
 I'll cease to think France is a foe,  
 Nor sing this strain again.

---

IMPROMPTU.  

---

You tell me all wisely to walk,  
    To stay at home and not to roam,  
I only say more wisely talk,  
    And also take the advice home :

Once more if I live o'er my life,  
    I shall not then quite meet your age,  
Then learn that youth feels not keen strife  
    Until with years it has grown sage.

---

## ON THE RUINS OF LEE CHURCH.



OLD church, how oft within thy walls,  
I've heard precepts so pure and good,  
How oft I've turn'd and pensive smil'd,  
So full with holy imbib'd food.

Thy pillars no more will be rais'd,  
Thy ruins well proclaim thy fate,  
On fallen stones I oft have gaz'd  
And mourn'd thy fate altho' full late.

Thy stones were taken one by one,  
They fell slowly as drops of rain,  
And as they fell seem'd to have done  
A deed they would not do again.

It seems as if on bended knee,  
I yet was praying in thine aisle,  
And still I see the Church of Lee,  
And 'gainst its ruins sadly rail.

Oh time! thou carest for no one,  
For changing clay, human or not,  
The latest work here by thee done,  
Surely none here have yet forgot.

Some felt the hallow'd feel which I  
Still have in every warm vein,  
And left a ruin, that a sigh  
Might pensive for thee waft again.

Thou art a beacon where the sight,  
Will wander long with truest pain,

Within those walls once mortals bright  
So loudly sung the choral strain.

And now thou art so drear and cold,  
In thy small tow'ring ivied pile,  
To the heart speaking tales of old,  
In melancholy ruinous style.

Thou must be drenched by each storm,  
The wind around thee rudely strays;  
No poor man shelters there to warm,  
The bat alone around thee plays.

And thus we hasten to decay,  
E'en we of human-mortal soil,  
And waiting for that coming day  
My heart strings still around thee coil.

---

FRANCE, JE TE DIS ADIEU.

---

ADIEU ! ce mot me fend le cœur,  
Je n'aime pas ce petit mot,  
Il dit adieu à tout bonheur,  
Il est cruel, et despôt.

Oh non, j'ai bien aimée le lieu,  
Que tous les Anglais aiment,  
Et je n'aime pas lui dire adieu,  
Ma douleur est extrême.

Lorsque je quittai ton rivage,  
Vraiment j'ai bien pleurée,  
J'ai bien pensée au bois sauvage,  
Où j'ai longtems jouée.

Mon âme serrée, mon cœur si triste,  
Etaient là bien plus doux,  
Mes larmes encore ne se tarissent,  
A ce dernier adieu.

L'on aime beaucoup lorsqu'on est jeune,  
On n'a pas trop aimé,  
Et c'est en vain que je raisonne,  
Je puis encore pleurer.

Tout n'est pas plaisir qu'on regrette,  
Et cependant bât le cœur,  
Car bien loin la douleur l'on jette,  
Lorsqu'on pense au bonheur.

France, si je vois encore ta rive,  
Bien des douleurs j'ai vues,

Mais quelle douleur peut être plus vive,  
Que celle de dire adieu ?

Quoique bien jeune, mon cœur est triste,  
France, j'aimerai bien te voir,  
Dans ta patrie, là tout invite  
A renouveler l'espoir.

---



## ON A FLOWER GARDEN.

STANZAS.



FAIR is a garden after a show'r,  
And fair, too, each refreshed flow'r;  
Yet each may be of beauty shorn,  
E'en before the returning morn;  
The rose may droop, each bud may die,  
The primrose in decay may lie.  
And we, too, of a mortal soil,  
In Death's slumbering arms may coil.

Fair is the violet of the turf,  
And fair is every leaf on earth,  
Yet each may die, before the sun  
His daily course on earth has run.  
Those just budded, as the strong leaf,  
May reign with a sway very brief,  
And thus we of a mortal soil,  
In death's slumbering arms may coil.

---

## ON MELANCHOLY.

STANZAS.



I WILL not weep, for short the space  
Of joyous hours on earth;  
I'll not let tears dim my face,  
Nor to sorrow give birth:  
Away, Melancholy, away,  
Nor seek within my heart to stray.

I will not weep,—no,—why should I?—  
E'en tho' affliction's billows roar,  
I think I hear an angel cry,  
Bright days for thee are yet in store:

Away, Melancholy, away,  
Nor seek within my heart to stray.

I will not weep, not e'en should Time  
Be slow to send its healing wing;  
Bright Hope alone shall still be mine,  
For hope effaces sorrow's sting.  
Away, Melancholy, away,  
Nor seek within my heart to stray.

---

## THE FUNERAL BELL.



I HEARD it toll, I heard it toll,  
    Slowly, slowly, upon the breeze ;  
The sound I follow'd, and there stole  
    O'er me a feel like winter's freeze :  
I saw the dark and nodding hearse,  
    The horses with their plumed head,  
And thro' my veins I felt rehearse,  
    Within that bier a form is dead.

I heard it toll, I heard it toll,  
 Thou bell of melancholy strain,  
 Solitary yet meaning roll,  
 As thou echoest the sound again !  
 I follow'd with mine ears that knell,  
 And I felt then my heartstrings move,  
 For slowly, slowly, those sounds tell,  
 We all must part from those we love.

I heard it toll, I heard it toll,  
 And I thought o'er the new-made tomb,  
 As slowly, slowly, the hearse stole,  
 Then o'er my spirit fell a gloom.  
 And still how oft the dead are blest,  
 Those who have known the world's dark frown ;  
 How peaceful is that lasting rest,  
 When upward the bright soul has flown.

I heard it toll, I heard it toll,  
 Slowly, slowly, as if the tread  
 Most slowly on the senses stole,  
 That doleful sound of spirits fled !

Then whisper'd, let thy heart entwine  
Itself midst new-born hope, for why,  
Should *new life* vex that heart of thine?—  
The dead in Christ no longer sigh.

---

STANZAS ON MUSIC.  

---

WHEN sad the heart, how much we love  
To hear soft strains upon us burst;  
How, then, for Music's balm we thirst,  
And wish the last notes were the first.  
Oh music can the deep soul move!

How often, as we hear the chord,  
Which wakens, perhaps, first in gloom,  
We bury grief in Music's tomb,  
And bid new hope gaily to bloom!  
Music, thy charms I can record.



Oh! yes, there is a much felt sway  
In a pathetic little song,  
In pathos it speaks to me strong,  
And bears my sadden'd heart along :  
O waft not then the strains away!

---

## JACQUES, JE T'AIME BIEN.

---

NE me parle pas, ma jeune amie,  
Ma belle, et spirituelle Julie;  
J'aime bien ta voix, mais ton amour  
Pour moi est plus beau que le jour:  
Ma belle Julie, ne me dis rien,  
Si ce n'est pas, " Jacques, je t'aime bien."

Quoique la matinée est belle,  
Lorsque le soleil se reveille,

Et quoique tu aimes bien à voir,  
Descendre les ombres du soir,  
Ma belle Julie, ne me dis rien,  
Si tu ne dis, " Jacques, je t'aime bien."

Regarde, comme est beau le bleu ciel,  
Ecoute le cri de l'hirondelle:  
C'est ainsi que me semble ta voix,  
Quand tu me dis ces mots de joie:  
Donc, ma Julie, je n'écoute rien,  
Si non ces mots, " Jacques, je t'aime bien."

Si je ne crois plus à l'espoir,  
Si tu me mets au désespoir,  
Si tu parles avec toute chaleur,  
Tu ne peux me rendre au bonheur:  
Non, ma belle Julie, ne dis rien,  
Si ce n'est pas, " Jacques je t'aime bien."

Viens donc, chère amie de mon cœur,  
Viens envers moi calmer cette heure,  
Laisse moi baiser ta douce bouche,

Dis moi ces mots qui seuls me touchent,  
Ou bien, belle Julie, ne dis rien,  
Si ce n'est pas, " Jacques, je t'aime bien."

---

## LA RÉPONSE.



Oh oui, je t'aime, tu peux le croire,  
Plus que je n'aime la belle aurore,  
Plus que la douce ombre du soir ;  
Va, ne crois pas au désespoir.  
“ Jacques, je t'aime bien ! ” les mots sont dits,  
Ecoute ma voix, écoute mon cri.

Si, si, mon jeune cœur est à toi,  
Et j'aime bien ta douce voix,

Dans tous tes doux vœux bien je crois,  
 Tu es mon seul, mon premier choix ;  
 “ Jacques, je t’aime bien,” les mots sont dits,  
 Ecoute ma voix, écoute mon cri.

Ne laisse jamais la jalousie  
 Jeter son poison dans ta vie ;  
 Je suis bien vive, mais bien aussi,  
 Pour toi mon jeune cœur est epri :  
 “ Jacques, je t’aime bien,” les mots sont dits,  
 Ecoute ma voix, écoute mon cri.

Ensemble nous coulerons nos jours,  
 Rien ne changera notre amour,  
 Nous nous aimerons pour toujours,  
 Notre vie peinte en belles couleurs :  
 “ Jacques, je t’aime bien,” les mots sont dits,  
 Ecoute ma voix, écoute mon cri.

Mais, Jacques, lorsque tu seras mon maître,  
 Ah ! si jamais tu étais traître,  
 Va, tu serais un méchant être,—

Cette pensée ne la laisse pas naître :

“ Jacques, je t’aime bien,” les mots sont dits,

Ecoute ma voix, écoute mon cri.

---

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO QUIZZED ME  
FOR WRITING WITH BLUE INK.

---

Go quiz my ink, but do not frown  
On a colour of such renown ;  
For I believe the pleasing hue,  
Some persons think, types love's pow'r true :  
I really hardly know this well,  
But still I find I love blue well.

Go quiz my ink, and e'en my pen,  
But do not quiz my writings then,



Nor let smiles hover round your lip,  
When you this little poem sip,—  
With blue I hope my pen was right  
This faulty volume to endite.

Go quiz my ink, but kindly look  
Upon my little Christmas book ;  
For if you quiz, then for your pain  
I'll wish you an *anti-blue* brain ;  
For well I know blue is the flood,  
Which quizzes best an episode.

---

## WHAT IS AN AUTHOR?

---

AN author,—an amphibious one,  
Whose harp with many strings is strung,  
Who sleeps amidst a heavy storm,  
And when it freezes feels quite warm ;  
Who smiles when others are in grief ;  
Whose pen gives his own heart relief ;  
And yet I think it quite a treat  
When I can with an author meet.

Mankind his study he has made—  
 And of folly he knows the trade ;  
 His high spirits ne'er seem to fail,—  
 He flows on like the Dover mail.  
 'Tis difficult sorrow to trace,  
 Where narrative beams on the face.  
 Oh! yes, I do think it a treat,  
 When I can with an author meet.

Not always tho' a bed of rose  
 Doth an author's career disclose ;  
 Critics will sometimes beat him hollow,  
 And bitter critic's pill to swallow ;  
 And sometimes midst luxuriant hair,  
 Traces of grey have mixed there ;  
 I am almost afraid to guess  
 If writing e'er brings happiness.

Oh tell me, whilst I yet am young,  
 And when my lay has lately sprung,—  
 Tell me, kind authors, yet before  
 Disappointment is at my door ;

But tho' perhaps I'll mind your hints,  
My heart in brightness lays the tints :  
And oh I think it quite a treat  
When I can with an author meet.

---

## TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND.



I LOVE thee ! . . . what can I say more ?

With love hallow'd and deep,

Each night I breathe thy name, before

I lie me down and sleep.

The morning sun, gilding the earth,

Brings back again thy name,

And thro' the day, in grief or mirth,

I breathe it still the same.

It is so sweet to feed a love  
Which can bring nought but bliss,  
Gentle as the soft cooing dove,  
I waft to thee a kiss.

No maiden blush mounts to my cheek,  
When love ranges towards thee,  
E'en when in words it does not speak  
It dwells in memory.

'Twas not in gay lighted ball room,  
My love took its first start ;  
But drooping in a youthful gloom,  
Thou didst comfort my heart.

Thy treasured words like a pilot  
Guiding a vessel weak,  
Oh they shall never be forgot,  
But love and trust shall speak.

The flow'rets bloom after a storm,  
So will I bloom again,

Whilst towards thee each pulse is warm,  
What care I for life's pain !

Oh ! love me long, and love me well,  
And think well of a mind,  
Which the purest and warmest spell  
In *Friendship's* bonds can find.

---

## I'LL WHISPER A WORD.

TO THE SAME.

---

WHEN the soft breeze sings a requiem

Of love, and hope, and trust,

My voice shall follow thy path there,

My heart in fondness gush.

When flowrets bloom e'en at thy feet,

And eddyng fountains play,

In treasured thought, there will I meet

And wreathe for thee a lay.

“ I'll whisper a word.”



When summer with her odours fair  
     To cloudy months gives place,  
 Then, too, my spirit shall be there,  
     And to leafless trees lend grace.  
 When fountains, frozen, ebb no more,  
     When ocean's waves are high,  
 Still there hovering round the shore,  
     For thee kindles the eye.

“ I'll whisper a word.”

When sorrow laves thy charming brow,  
     Steeps thine eye in a tear,  
 As dear to me as thou art now,  
     And perchance e'en more dear :  
 For sorrow hallows heart to heart,  
     It stirs the spirit kind,  
 It lights a sympathetic dart,  
     And mingles mind to mind.

“ Hear then my whisper.”

I'll whisper a word,—a word of love,—  
     Which far shall banish care,

To softest things my spirit move,

Smile, dear, in love all fair ;

That whisper, dearest, is a kiss,

To waft thee to thy rest,

To plunge thee in a dreamy bliss,

And lull thy troubled breast.

“ That whisper is love.”



## WHY DO I RHYME?



WHY do I rhyme ? when prose as well  
Would all my wavering thoughts tell ;  
It is because on rhymes I look,  
As on a smoothly-flowing brook,  
Which, as it flows, relieves the heat,  
Falling o'er the flowrets we meet :  
Poetry thus the pow'r will show,  
Of making light of human woe.

Why do I rhyme ? Go ask the tear  
 Why it is shed when grief is near ;  
 Go ask the sigh why it is vain  
 To bid it ne'er echo again,  
 Go ask the birds why thus they sing,  
 As on they soar with rapid wing,  
 Poetry thus the pow'r will show  
 Of making light of human woe.

Why do I rhyme ? Go ask the earth,  
 Why blows upon it the green turf ;  
 Go ask the flowers which you tread,  
 Why there they raise their tufted head ;  
 Go ask the heart, when wrung by grief  
 Why it clings to the young green leaf !  
 Poetry thus the pow'r will show  
 Of making light of human woe.

Why do I rhyme ? Oh ask it not ;  
 Why should not sorrow be forgot ?  
 Why should not o'er my spirit steal  
 Recollections of once loved weal,

Why should I weep at grief's stern shrine,  
When poetry I hail as mine ?  
For poetry the pow'r will show  
Of making light of human woe.

---

## WHAT IS PLATONIC LOVE?

TO ———

—————

PLATONIC love! an idea caught,  
 Which soon I found of earth not born,  
 In my own mind the idea wrought,  
 I learnt to Virtue was a scorn.

Platonic love! o'er thee I bent,  
 And hail'd as love without one blush,  
 But soon I found not excellent  
 Was that new love, that spirit's gush.

Platonic love! a June chalice,  
 A goblet full of flavour'd wine;  
 Ah! the world too full of malice,  
 Would not let me hail thee as mine.

Platonic love! though slow thy pace,  
 Thou runnest, and the mark will gain;  
 But then, alas! to human race,  
 Thou often bringest care and pain.

Platonic love! I have been told  
 To try and e'en forget thy name;  
 And some, most trying tales unfold,  
 And speak of thee in direst shame.

Platonic love! o'er thee bending,  
 I hail'd thee, but I thought thee pure;  
 And to thee attraction lending,  
 I dreamt my heart was still secure.

Platonic love! thou my delight  
 Wert once, but now thou art no more,  
 For well I hope each fresh day-light  
 Shines on me, wiser than before.

We should not live to be more weak,  
But living be more wise ;  
And those who would in candour speak,  
Platonic love despise.

---



**PRAY TAKE MY DRAUGHT.**

**SUGGESTED BY THE ACCOUNT GIVEN IN THE  
COURT JOURNAL OF THIS LITTLE ANECDOTE.**

---

**PRAY** take my draught, 'tis milk so pure,  
I wish I could but offer more;  
Lady, your sweet voice I am sure,  
Will not refuse my offer poor.

The lady look'd around that hut,  
As there she stood on that mud floor,  
Nor did she deafly her ears shut,  
Because much richer was her store.

The old woman there at the wheel,  
Before the "rock and pickle tow,"  
Felt no shyness o'er her heart steal,  
Nor did she her guest's high rank know.

'Twas Britain's fair and gentle Queen;  
Who stood before her in mild light;  
In that small hut was to be seen  
England's pride, and Europe's delight.

"Pray take my draught," the words were sweet,  
They gently fell upon the ear;  
They told that for each one a greet,  
In that little hovel was near.

The sovereign rais'd the homely cup,  
And sweet, perchance, the draught she found;  
For as she drank she lifted up  
Her thanks to One on Scotia's ground.

And loves she well the fern and braes,  
For serene there was our Queen's breast;  
There she spent long and happy days,  
There courtly splendour was at rest.

Fair Queen, that cottage seen by thee,  
A type of all our love,  
Where e'er thou goest, memory  
In fondest thoughts will move.

---

TO ———

---

SAY not again o'er me you'll dream;  
I rather would your pensive brow  
Should not in slumber one thought gleam,  
Of passing mortals here below.

I would that round your tired head,  
Slumbers should waft you in their bourne;  
I would that all idea had fled,  
Which could make your high spirit mourn

And vain it is to stop the gush  
Which comes o'er us if we would think;  
The tide of tenderness will rush,  
When we wander midst past love's brink.

Say not again o'er me you'll dream,  
But, as I do, chase thought away;  
Or if you think, oh! do not lean  
Upon *my* name by night or day.

---

## SAY NOT I'M COLD.

TO THE SAME.

---

SAY not I'm cold, say not I'm cold,  
Lest I should wish to be too bold;  
Say rather it would give you pain,  
To think your love were felt again:  
And then but leave me to my fate,  
And joy may come, though it come late.

What ! wouldst thou have me know all care,  
And waft my sighs to distant air?  
Wouldst thou follow in fashion's train,  
And leave me to feel all the pain ?  
No, no, I'd bow me to my fate,  
I'd call back joy, but then too late.

Say not I'm cold, say not I'm cold,  
Because as I learn I unfold;  
I tell the tale I think is true,  
That those who err ne'er real joy knew,  
I would thee from all remorse save,  
Returning thus the love you gave,  
And then, oh! reconcil'd to fate,  
Joy yet I'll seek, though it come late.

Say not I'm cold, for oh! I'm not,  
Nor have I one word of thine forgot,  
But still my heart is full of fears,  
Whilst to thy mem'ry it adheres,

And still my breast will waft the sigh,  
And still the tear flow from mine eye :  
Not cold to *thee*, but cold to fate,  
And cold to joy which comes so late.

---



## THOU WERT SAD.



IN vain fortune o'er me smiling,  
Would, by every art beguiling,  
Bid me undaunted look at life,  
And banish far all worldly strife ;  
I turned, and sought my early friend,—  
Friend of my youth, in thy grief bend,  
There is no ill to me more bad,  
Than to echo, “ Oh, thou wert sad !”

Ocean's billows have not toss'd me,  
Nor have I storm'd a heavy sea,  
Affliction's hand not yet rudely  
Has made me think life cruelty ;  
Friend of my youth, thy grief is mine,  
In early life my heart was thine,  
There is no ill to me so bad,  
As to echo, " Oh, thou wert sad !"

---

## THEY BID ME SMILE.

SONG.

---

THEY bid me smile, as if the heart  
When broken could abide a smile;  
E'en midst gay scenes I have no part  
With those who seek time to beguile;  
The rose when wither'd, ne'er again  
Will bloom before the light of day,—  
The nightingale will sing its strain,  
But only when 'tis blithe and gay;  
Then farewell mirth, I cannot smile,  
In bitter tears that mirth will change,—  
In vain I would my heart beguile,  
That heart is sad, and cannot range.

They bid me join the joyous dance,  
I heard them say 'twas wrong to weep,  
I listen'd in a heavy trance,  
Yet strove a joyful brow to keep ;  
In gay scenes I found no relief,  
And soon I turn'd back to my woe,—  
The heart when wrung with deepest grief,  
Cannot long strive false mirth to show ;  
Then farewell mirth, I cannot smile,  
In bitter tears that mirth will change,—  
In vain I would my heart beguile,  
That heart is sad, it cannot range.

---

## JOANNA OF NAPLES.

---

SEE, Joanna comes as a fresh young bud,  
A smiling, blushing, youthful queen,  
No noxious weeds yet had check'd the shrub,  
No freer heart had e'er been seen ;  
But the early blossoms of virtue fled,  
Her subjects' fond hopes where were they ?  
Blighted as soon as the young queen wed  
Andrew the scion of Hungary.

Now dark thoughts began to haunt that young heart,  
 And virtue from it fled away;  
 Her weak maid, Philippa, did her best part  
 To nurture dark thoughts into day.  
 She spoke of the death of the young bridegroom,  
 As if she had no throbbing soul;  
 And the fiery passions mounted too soon,  
 To warmth which baffled all control.

At midnight there arose a cry!—deep  
 Through Aversa sounds the alarm;  
 Isolda, she had watch'd Andrew's sleep,  
 When a smiling babe on her arm.  
 She starts,—she runs—she screams,—she raves,—  
 Oh dread  
 The sight which met her boding fear;  
 Andrew, the bridegroom, lying cold and dead,  
 While Joanna was sitting near !

When returning to Naples, no single sound  
 Of huzzas met her sadden'd ear;  
 From mouth to mouth, on Italia's vast ground,

Flies the tale of her dark career,  
Philippa suffered. But oh for the grief  
Which filled Joanna's frame !  
Can the blood-stained heart e'er find relief,  
The conscience cease to blame ?

Joanna fled but to Naples once more.  
In after years she came again,  
And expiated by death on that shore  
Her life of wandering care and pain.  
Joanna ! beautiful but guilty queen !  
Thus died thy virtue and thy name :  
Thy reign began in virtue, shortly seen,—  
Thy life, alas ! ended in blame.

---

THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.  

---

FARE thee well, we shall meet no more,—

For ever we must part !

What I once loved I now deplore,

And broken is my heart !

Ah, once I trusted,—but how vain !

No perfect bliss is here :

In this world pleasure's fraught with pain,—

With hope is mingled fear.



The wreath was twined around my hair  
When last I joined the dance,  
And thou didst call me passing fair—  
I listen'd to love's trance.

The spell is broken ! Now I see  
That thou wert false and cold :  
Not to love's shrine thy bended knee,—  
Thy vows were but for gold !

Oh man ! false man ! why break my heart ?  
Why wither all my bloom ?  
Why coil love's spell, then bid me part,  
And find an early tomb ?

Ah ! I shall wither ere the spring  
Has budded forth her leaves ;  
My heart, like thine, no roving wing—  
It trusts, but ne'er deceives.

Then fare thee well, the link has fled,—

What am I now to thee?—

Each warm pulse in my heart is dead,

Hope's in eternity !

---

## THE POET'S LAMENT.

---

Must I glide thro' life unloved, alone ?

In silence shed the tear ?

For early dreams in sighs atone,

And none to comfort near ?

What is my grief? Why chills my heart ?

Why cannot I find rest ?

My grief ! that I can find no part

Midst hearts in coldness drest.

In vain I seek a kindred heart  
 To warmly throb as mine :  
 To others fain would I impart  
 Those thoughts that baffle time.

E'en when I cull the scented rose,  
 E'en when I watch a bee,  
 More sweets than mere leaves can disclose  
 In each floweret I see.  
 I turn to tell the tale I feel,  
 No answer greets my ear;  
 A cold damp o'er my heart *will* steal,  
 No kindred soul is near.

I watch the sun's expiring rays,  
 The moon's light pure and pale;  
 I love the dewy spring-tide days,  
 The soft and fragrant gale :  
 Then turns my spirit to the end  
 Of time and all below,  
 The waste of hours and years we spend  
 Makes that same spirit glow :

I turn to tell the tale I feel,  
No answer greets mine ear;  
A cold damp o'er my heart *will* steal,  
No kindred heart is near.

I've sought where gay feet tread the dance  
To mingle mind to mind ;  
But there I woke from the pure trance—  
I still left bliss behind.  
I tried to grasp at higher things  
Than passing, changing joy ;  
I strove to soar with higher wings,  
And call life's bliss—a toy.  
Coldly were heard the words which fell  
From my o'erflowing heart,  
Eyes glistened glances,—I knew well  
With mine they were apart.

With books alone I will commune ;  
I'll search deep, deep in lore ;  
For when I speak in thoughtful tune,  
I speak but to deplore.

In vain I tell the tale I feel,  
No answer greets my ear;  
A cold damp o'er my heart *will* steal,  
No kindred soul is near.

---

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE BARONESS  
DE CALABRELLA.

---

IN vain I bid the Muse be still,  
The control is not mine;  
She will my *heart's* desire fulfil—  
This Muse of number nine.

There's kindness beaming on the lip,  
And softness in thine eye;  
Thy accents pure I love to sip,  
And feel thy dignity.

My heart flutter'd when thou wert nigh ;  
I loved thy hand to greet;  
But now away I waft the sigh,—  
Say, shall we no more meet?

As I gaze on sweet Orleans' maid,  
In statuary wrought,  
It was thy gift:—when that is said,  
It speaks, at least in thought.

Thy path to sip each dewy flow'r,  
To cull the beauteous rose :  
Thou seest pleasure each new hour,  
I dwell midst calm repose.

Farewell ! and should we meet no more,  
Oh ! be thou free from ill ;  
I loved thee when I left thy door,  
And I will love thee still.

---



TO THE  
HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

---

THANKS for thy book, on which thy mind  
Is written on each filled page;  
It tells thy heart is ever kind,—  
Each line will long my thoughts engage.  
What shall I say to one who knows  
So well the origin of rhyme?  
Shall I repeat that my muse flows,  
E'en midst the cold of winter time.

And shall I say that I write not  
To find a name midst poesy ?  
Oh! no, for then must be forgot  
The errors of my minstrelsy.  
For I sing not in lofty strain  
Elegies to stars and moon;  
But hear me say, oh! come again,  
In London be thou very soon.  
I wish thee happiness; no more  
Could richest strains, methinks, wish thee;  
May this new year still have in store  
New health, and if thou wilt, new glee.

---

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.  

---

Oh! weep no more for sever'd ties,  
For man is born to die;  
His span on earth as quickly flies,  
As light sparks upward fly.

Oh, weep no more! for she is blest,  
Who died so young, so pure;  
With her Saviour she is at rest,  
No grief can she endure.

Oh, weep no more! but let me think  
That absence heals thy grief;  
And though thou feel'st the broken link,  
Still thou hast found relief.

Oh, weep no more! if I were nigh,  
How I would whisper peace!  
How I would chide each coming sigh,  
And bid the warm tear cease.

Oh, weep no more! but look above,  
Far from the reach of man,  
In thought look at that world of love,  
And weep then if you can.

---

## TO THE HON. MRS. MARSHALL.



CAN I forget the last sad scene,  
When I stood by thy side?  
How thou strov'st to appear serene,  
And wish'd thy grief to hide?  
How thou pillow'd the dying child,  
Thou lov'dst so much to see;  
And speaking peace to sorrow wild,  
Told of eternity?

Can I forget thy lofty grief,  
 And all thy soothing care?  
 How in sorrow a word for each,  
 For every one a pray'r.  
 How in the midnight's hour thy soul,  
 Was watching by the bed;  
 Whilst thy deep sobs under control,  
 Thou pillow'd still the head.

Can I forget, when hope had fled,  
 And grief alone was heard,  
 How then thou pray'dst beside the dead,  
 And thy pray'r was answer'd.  
 For thou receiv'dst strength to cheer  
 Thy brother's breaking heart;  
 How lovely then thou didst appear,  
 Working thy angel's part.

How oft I seem to see that scene,  
 When I stood by thy side;  
 And oft before me thou hast been,  
 Wishing thy sobs to hide.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lot  
In this wide world may be,  
No words of thine shall be forgot,  
Thou whom I lov'd to see.

•

•

---

TO UNCLE A——  
  
——

Up the Tyrol, and down the Rhine,  
Go, since it is a wish of thine,  
Go, and though absent, still more dear,  
Than if thou wert for ever near;  
For when thou wilt no longer roam,  
I'll gladly bid thee welcome home.

Up the Tyrol, and down the Rhine,  
Pleasantly thou wilt spend thy time,



Christmas will pass,—but though away,  
For thy best weal I still will pray,  
Absent or present, thou a place  
Hast found in thy strange niece's grace :  
And when thou wilt no longer roam,  
I'll gladly bid thee welcome home.

.

---

## TO LADY HARRIETTE HOWARD.



LADY, I fear not here to trace  
Your name upon this book;  
A kindly smile will light your face,  
When on it you do look.  
Surely the words were very kind,  
Which of Joan d'Arc you spoke;  
And kind it was merit to find  
In the first work I wrote.

Gladly I will my next present,  
And then I shall not fear,  
If all like you were lenient,  
No *critics* would be near.

---

TO THE BARONESS AHLEFELDT.

---

RETURN, return, I wish to say  
More than I can in this short lay;  
But Germany to thee is dear,—  
It may be wrong to wish thee near.  
I owe thee thanks, and that is why  
I would with gratitude reply.  
Return, return, and thou shalt find  
Thy kindness grafted in my mind,  
There it has budded since 'twas sown,  
And budded, now has fully blown.

---

TO ———

—————

Oh! ask me not if I am sad,  
Because thou art no longer near;  
My gayest smiles, ———, thou hast had,  
And still thou art as ever dear.

Oh! ask me not if I repine,  
Or even wish to change my lot;  
Ask me not if I would be thine,  
For that day dream I have forgot.

There is, methinks, some joy to know  
That thou hast called me very dear,  
The thought revives my chill'd heart's glow,  
And makes me fancy thou art near.

Then ask me not if I am sad,  
Sometimes I turn from joy, and weep;  
A heart once tried is strangely glad,  
When it bids burning mem'ry sleep.

---

TO MISS MORGAN.  

---

I've seen brows o'er which painters dwell;  
Thine has to me a magic spell,  
    Far passing pencill'd lines.  
Thou speakest, and it seems as if  
My very heart had found relief;  
    That heart around thee twines.

Memory lingers to the day,  
When I fain would much longer stay;  
    'Twas the first hour we met.

To me life oftimes has been dull,  
 I stoop the thorns from flowers to cull,  
     May'st thou no sharp thorns get.

E'en as a bark upon the sea,  
 Heedlessly wishing life to see,  
     Alone I brav'd the storm.  
 Ah! then I sigh'd to find a heart,  
 Which could to mine more strength impart,  
     Some heart which could beat warm.

Oh when before me there arose  
 One to whom I could *all* disclose,  
     I thought a trembling tear  
 Started to thy soft eye of blue,  
 As deeper in my tale I grew;  
     From that hour thou wert dear.

Oh! Friendship thus should be a rock,  
 Resisting a volcano's shock,—  
     Spontaneous in its birth,



I love that friendship which is bold  
Enough, when new, to feel quite old,—  
That friendship scarce of earth.

Thou art beloved, and again  
I wish thee to be free from pain;  
For oh, I love thee well!  
And sweet it is for me to hear  
All are well who to thee are dear,  
Thou, who hast friendship's spell.

---

## TO MISS JANE PORTER



BELIEVE me, I but say the truth,  
When warmly I would speak of you ;  
To know you were a dream of youth,  
A girlish wish, yet nothing new :  
It strengthen'd daily, as I hung  
Upon the tales from thy pen sprung.  
Oh, then, shall I ever forget  
My wish was granted, and we met.

Jane Porter! known to every one,  
 At least by justly-earned fame;  
 No more than justice has been done  
 To thy renowned and dear name.  
 Ah! I remember every word  
 Which from thy own dear lips I heard :  
 Oh then I never can forget  
 My wish was granted, and we met.

I will thy precepts all obey,  
 And all thy words I oft think o'er,  
 So proud I am to feel thy sway,  
 Striving on thy trace to soar:  
 " Write from the *heart*, and let the *mind*  
 Correct the faults still left behind :"  
 These thy last words can I forget?—  
 My wish was granted, and we met.

Oh, I heard thy waken'd fears,  
 And felt thy interest in me;  
 And thou didst speak almost in tears  
 Of Miss Landon's short reign of glee ;

And if thro' my new-sprung career  
Ill-natur'd words should make me fear,  
Miss Porter, will you then forget  
That I was blithe the morn we met?

---

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE HON.  
MRS. NORTON'S SONG, "MY  
CHILDHOOD'S HOME."

---

Oh, tell me not that as we sing  
We do not feel that little song;  
With it a host of thoughts will spring,  
In bygone days we live along.

Oh, tell me not the heart was blithe,  
Which spoke thus of the days which were;  
There was, methinks, an inward strife  
Which we can see thro' words trac'd there.

There is in that sweet song a charm,  
Yet some there are who never weep,  
But, songsters fair, feel no alarm,  
If in a tear your eyes should steep.

Yes, even if we know not pain,  
Our childish hours have fled by;  
And who would not wish once again,  
Those sunny hours which quickly fly.

The loss of friends!—that grief alone,  
Will cause the heart much care and pain;  
And no bright scenes can e'er atone  
For those hours gone—ne'er come again.

---

TO ———

—————

THERE was a time I should have cried,  
To dream that thou couldst ever let  
Thy heart wander, but now I've tried,  
And tried, I've made myself forget.

But few lines thou didst ever pen,  
But they are very dear to me,  
And should we never meet again,  
They will perchance e'en dearer be.

I would not see thee when thy cheek  
 Less brilliant was, for the beam  
 Gone, would make me in sorrow seek  
 To count the days since thou wert seen.

I fain would see thy clustering hair,  
 As luxuriant as heretofore;  
 I would that every lov'd line there,  
 Should say we meet e'en as before.

And yet it may be very kind  
 Of fate to part us, lest untrue;  
 In after days then I should find  
 Far worse,—a protracted adieu.

Then Muse be silent, I have done;  
 No more shall my poor heart repine;  
 The last words from me have been wrung,  
 Mem'ry alone I hail as mine.

---



## TO A SCHOOL-FELLOW.



THEY tell me thou art very fair ;  
That curling is thine auburn hair,  
That lovely is thy brilliant cheek,  
Thine hazel eye all love doth speak.  
They tell me that thy step is light,  
Thy mellow voice is pure and bright,  
Thus wouldst thou keep, companion dear,  
Heed well womanhood's first career.

They tell me none can dance like thee,  
Thou art fairied reality;  
That where thou art, e'en life seems new,  
All tinged with a golden hue.  
They say that those who o'er thee gaze,  
Most willingly would be thy slave.  
List not to this, companion dear;  
Heed well womanhood's first career.

I would not dim thy blithesome mirth,  
Nor dull thy joyous hours on earth;  
I would not cast one heedless blow,  
Nor plunge thy youthful heart in woe;  
I would but say that Time's swift wing  
Will come, and leave a heavy sting.  
Wouldst thou meet time, companion dear,  
Heed well womanhood's first career.

If, sometimes, when thy spirits fade,  
Thou think'st life with light has its shade;  
If leaving busy crowds awhile,  
Thou canst not o'er their folly smile,

Oh! think thy beauty lying low,  
Must wither where now flowerets grow.  
Then fear not death, companion dear,  
Heed well womanhood's first career.



THE LONE LEAF.

---

THE lone leaf shiver'd in the gale,  
'Twas the last which had kiss'd the spring,  
No more perfume did it exhale,  
A lonely, wither'd, blighted thing!  
No verdant tint, no mossy feel;  
Parch'd, yellow, sear'd and lone;  
Oh, winter cold! why so soon steal?  
That leaf has pale, and paler grown.

The lone leaf is like man's own breast,  
When sunny mirth has play'd her part;  
When jarring feelings are at rest,  
And cold and weary is the heart :  
It is not sad, yet cannot greet,  
All, all, is one and still the same;  
Cold sorrow's hand it now can meet,  
In smiles or tears feels fortune's game.

---

LINES SUGGESTED BY READING  
MRS. BUTLER'S POEMS.

---

Oh, lady! are you then so sad?  
 So hopeless, so forlorn!  
 Such deep trials have you then had,  
 That hope you hold in scorn?

Poor lady! why not try to smile?  
 For life is but a day;  
 And those whose hearts with joys beguile,  
 Find joy will fleet away.

Then, lady! turn your searching gaze  
To true happiness pure;  
Joy there not cover'd by a haze,  
'Tis full, 'tis blythe, 'tis sure.

Once, lady! it has been my lot,  
To see your full dark eye;  
Th' expression I have ne'er forgot,—  
It trembles midst a sigh.

Then, lady, I will hope that time  
Will cure your lonely heart!  
That far-off sunny balmy clime,  
Will work a healing part.

---

## THE BLIND GIRL'S BALLAD.

---

I HEARD a voice so gently sweet,  
It broke upon the fragrant gale,  
Alas! the voice I warmly greet,  
For I'm the blind girl of this vale.  
No soft tints hover o'er my sight,  
Bright flow'rs I smell but cannot see,  
All, all to me is darkest night,  
Sweet songster, oh! then pity me.  
The streamlet gently gliding by,  
The murmuring of the toilsome bees,  
None else beside the blind girl nigh:  
Oh! she can hear, tho' nought she sees.



I hear that voice so gently sweet,—  
At least the poor blind girl can hear;  
Alas! why should time quickly fleet  
When that melodious voice is near.  
Sweet songster! do not one note rob  
From that pensive and lovely strain,  
For short the time my heart will throb,  
And when I smile I weep again.  
The blind girl loves that plaintive air,  
And dreams listening she can see:  
Then, songster, pray thee linger there,  
For I am blind, oh! pity me.

The music of this Ballad is published by S. NELSON (late  
MORI & LAVENU) 28 New Bond Street.

---

**THE FLOWER GIRL'S BALLAD.**  

---

I'LL hie me to my home again,  
For I am sick and faint,  
My weary heart is full of pain,  
And blighted with life's taint.  
No more violets will I twine,  
No more the primrose sweet,  
For sad has been the lapse of time,  
Tho' roses at my feet.

I'll turn me back to my own glen,  
And waft there my last sigh,  
And no more roam the world again,  
But lie me down and die.

I'll hie me to my home again,  
And tell the tale of life,  
Speak of its joys all mixed with pain,  
Of all its keenest strife.  
Oh, I have seen the rich and gay  
All smiling thro' a tear!  
The flow'r girl scarce more sad than they.  
Tho' lonely her career.

I'll turn me back to my own glen,  
And waft there my last sigh,  
And no more roam the world again,  
But lie me down and die.

I'll hie me to my home again,  
Where softest flowrets bloom,  
Where the gay lark sings her soft strain,  
I'll wreath buds for my tomb.

I've wreath'd them for the gay large hall,  
And tied them midst dull care;  
I've wreath'd them for the blithesome ball,  
For ladies rich and fair.  
I'll cull them now in my own glen,  
And waft there my last sigh;  
And they shall deck my lone tomb when  
I lie me down and die.\*

---

Then came she home,—a blighted thing,  
And Hope afar had sped her wing,  
Like some poor bird without a mate,  
She bow'd her head, and met her fate.  
Corroding grief sat in her breast,  
No more her pillow brought her rest,—  
No more play'd smiles around her brow,—  
No more her eyes bright glances throw:  
Wasted her beauty, lone her heart,  
Oh! love had play'd its treach'rous part,

\* This Ballad will shortly appear in Music. Published at  
MR. NELSON'S, 28, New Bond Street.

Had clad youth in the garb of care,—  
Had blighted charms most strangely fair.  
Now softly blooms the spring-tide flow'r,  
And Flora brings her richest dow'r,  
Now fragrant is all nature's bloom,  
But flowrets grow around her tomb.  
Poor faded girl! cold in thy grave,  
No more life's tempest wilt thou brave;  
Cold is thy hand, closed is thine eye,  
Thy soul is in eternity!

---

COME WHEN THE EVENING STAR  
SHINES BRIGHT.

SONNET.

---

COME when the evening star shines bright,  
When moonbeams play on grassy mound,  
When starlets kiss the breast of night,  
When phantom shapes all dance around;  
When mimic floods are hush'd and still,  
And sheep are penned in the fold,  
When all is Nature's work of skill,  
Then come, and all thy love unfold.

Come, when dew drops spangling glisten,

When busy men are hush'd in sleep,

When none are nigh our words to listen,

Save the dull owls in converse deep.

Come when the balmy air is wafted

Pure and sweet from the distant glen,

Go, when the evening star's departed,

Nor speak one word of love again.

---

IMPROMPTU.  

---

AN author is a tim'rous thing,  
    Tho' all should think him bold ;  
His labours do but copper bring  
    When men think he coins gold.

---



A DREAM OF LIFE.  

---

DULL Morpheus spread his hand around,  
And wafted me in slumbers sound,  
No feeling stirr'd around my breast,  
And each nerve unstrung was at rest,  
Eolian harps seem'd then to play,  
Around my head the notes would stray,  
And pleasing forms in cherub grace  
Seem'd kissing my slumbering face,  
Around my heart they twin'd a tale,  
And their own sweet notes bid me hail!  
And thus unchecquer'd by real strife,  
I slept and saw a dream of life.

Methought I was a gay young thing,  
 A flower shorn of all its sting,  
 Methought I was a tim'rous bird,  
 And no rude wind my feathers stirr'd,  
 Methought I kiss'd the evening gale,  
 And dew drops spangled all the vale,  
 The sweetest music o'er me play'd,  
 And softest voices singing said,  
 "Go look at life, it shall not harm,  
 Thy heart so young, so free, so warm,  
 And thus I thought not of the strife  
 Which I should meet amidst my life.

Methought 'twas chang'd,—oh sadly chang'd!  
 And yet thro' much glee I had rang'd,  
 Had watch'd the sun light the gay hall,  
 And nightly tripp'd the blithesome ball:  
 I'd cull'd roses from gardens fair,—  
 Had wafted midst bright pleasure's air,—  
 Had listen'd to love, till love was cold,  
 And newest tales appeared old.

I turn'd me on my pillow then,  
And fain would wake, nor dream again,  
But still on, on, the dream of strife,  
Which dulls the vision of our life.

Methought spring, summer, all had fled!  
My heart was cold, my hopes were dead,  
Each charm had fled, gone all youth's bloom,  
Each day dream was reality!  
Each hope had chang'd to misery,  
All marching to a distant tomb.  
'Then came a vision far more fair,—  
A dream of life eternal! where  
No sorrow dims the faded brow,  
Where mirth alone all gay springs show;  
Away! away! thou dream of strife,  
Hail vision of eternal life!

---

## LE BOUQUET PARLANT.



Je suis la violette du printemps,  
Je pousse dans les plus petits champs;  
Je ne crains pas le frivole vent,  
Mais encore je ne vis pas long.  
L'Été survient et dit, " Vas t'en :"  
Je penche ma tête quand vient mon sort,  
Je penche ma tête et baise la mort.

Je suis la belle rose de l'été,  
Je suis si flattée, si fêtée,  
Si bien vêtue, si caressée,

Je baise la joue des jeunes beaux,  
Mais l'automne vient (non invitée)  
Je penche ma tête quand vient mon sort,  
Je penche ma tête et baise la mort.

Je suis le clematis d'Automne,  
Mon parfum aux belles haies je donne,  
Je crépuscule autour des dômes,  
Et on me croit bien douce et bonne,  
Mais l'hiver vient, alors, bon homme,  
Je penche ma tête quand vient mon sort,  
Je penche ma tête et baise la mort.

---

## AU SOLEIL COUCHANT.

---

Oh, beau soleil, qui étincelle  
De mille et mille rayons,  
Toi qui es toujours si fidèle,  
Nous te voyons de loin.

Tu perces jusqu'au bout du monde,  
L'Europe, l'Asie, l'Afrique ;  
Ta boule de feu, si belle, si ronde,  
Touche aussi l'Amérique.

Lorsque le soir ta belle tête  
Se couche dans les nues,  
La lune alors le ciel nous prête,  
Quand tu nous dis Adieu.

Belle Phœbé, quoi, prends tu la place  
Du soleil beau et grand ?  
Tu suis au moins une glorieuse trace  
Avec ton modeste front.

Va, soleil glorieux, autrepart  
Tu brille, lorsqu'ici dort,  
Nulle heure trop près, nulle heure trop tard,  
De marcher est ton sort.

Et nous aussi, de forme humaine,  
Nous cheminons toujours,  
Nous suivons comme toi la trace même  
De l'éternel séjour.

Toi aussi, tu tomberas, quand  
Ce monde sera fini;  
L'éternité, que toi plus grand,  
Plus belle l'éternelle vie !

---



## IL PASTORE E ADELA.

---

### IL PASTORE.

BELLA Adela, amica bella,  
 Idola del mio cor,  
 O viene, spero, ma anche tema,  
 Di perder il tuo favor.  
 O Adela, ti giuro bel amor,  
 Per mai e sempre !  
 Non mai posso morir il fuor  
 Che sento il cor per te.

## ADELA.

Gentil pastore, anche io stesso  
 So che palpita il cor,  
 Ma quando si vedersi oppresso,  
 So soffrir tutto il fuor,  
 Son ben fidele, ma ho ragione  
 Di dir, “ *Sei tu fido?* ”  
 Ah! perche mi dai l'occasione  
 Di ripostar “ *Oh no?* ”

## IL PASTORE.

Crudela Adela, mi parlando  
 Sei incostante tu!  
 Mio pover' cor batte in domando  
 Quando infidel fù?  
 Lasciarmi, amor, belle parole  
 Per parlar costanza,  
 Al sol, alla luna, a' tutte stelle  
 Parla mia anima.

ADELA.

Eben, pastore, sia più calmo,

Pardon mia gelosia ;

Si, si, tua Adela ben ti amo,

Il cor a te ti sia,

La gelosia a luon ti lancia,

Sia trista, non ti vuo

Credo mio bel pastore, costanza;

Gelosia, a te *Addio!*

---

**CALME TA DOULEUR.**  

---

Pourquoi pleurer, puisque ce monde  
Se passe comme un songe;  
La joie si douce, et si féconde  
Autour du cœur se range;  
Puis vient la nuit, la nuit d'hiver,  
Tout alors paraît sombre ;  
Alors, il n'y a rien de cher,  
Que nous trouvons au monde,  
Lorsqu'on est jeune, faut-il pleurer?  
Oh calme ta douleur!  
La vie si douce doit te calmer,  
Toi dans ta première fleur.

A loin jette ces profonds soupirs,  
Ma tendre et belle amie,  
La jeunesse ne doit se flétrir  
Dans sa première vie;  
Les belles fleurs qui poussent sur la terre  
Sont fraîches avant de mourir;  
Ne crois pas donc cette vie amère,  
Dans ton plus frais sourire.  
Lorsqu'on est jeune, faut-il pleurer?  
Oh calme ta douleur!  
La vie si douce doit te calmer,  
Toi dans ta première fleur.

---

IMPROMPTU.  

---

Tu m'aimes, dis-tu, pour ma belle âme,  
Et pour mon air si spirituel ?  
Mais moi je crois peu à la flamme  
D'un amour quelques uns croient réel ;  
Dis donc tes paroles à ce monde,  
Qui flotte comme un beau papillon,  
Dis les à ceux qui mieux entendent,  
Ce qui est contre la raison.

---

## THE YOUNG MILLINER.



SHE left her home, so blithe, so gay,  
As smiling as bright flow'rs in May:  
Her cheek soft as the damask rose,  
Her pure young heart in calm repose,  
Her step light as a gossamer thing  
Plying its fragile, aerial wing ;  
A smile for all, for all some mirth,  
Her joy most too bright for this earth,  
Trusting to all, and if deceiv'd,  
Not angry, but most sweetly griev'd ;

Loud and joyous was her song,  
Nor envied she the richer throng !  
Oh blithe was she till canker'd love  
Sought her with tales her heart to move  
With love far above her station,  
Unpitying her lone situation.  
It told its tale, it ate her bloom,  
And then sunk in oblivion's tomb ;  
It robbed the lustre from her eye,  
And left her then to pine, to sigh,  
Stripp'd her long locks of half their gloss,  
And chas'd away her cheeks' pink moss.

---



## MY GIRLHOOD'S FAREWELL.

TO A TRIED FRIEND.  

---

WHEN I see the sun in a halo of light,  
In myriads of rays all gaily bedight;  
When I see the soft moon shrin'd up afar,  
With diamond head and chaplet of star;  
When I see the day break in a soft silv'ry streak;  
Oh then from my heart I hear a voice speak:  
I list to the voice, for it tells to the heart,  
And bids me from duty never depart.  
I'll bind deep the voice in treasured spell,  
Aunt L——, 'tis thy voice, and I love it well.

When I roam midst the beauty of leaf-crested shade,  
When I watch from the sickle the new-coming blade;  
When I roam midst a wreath of clustering flow'r;  
And watch the soft rays, the crepuscular hour;  
The wind brings a burthen, a love-tuning lay,  
And wafts back the tale my own heart would say;  
I'll list to the voice which comes with the sound  
Of wind-stirred breeze all gliding around:  
Thou hast seen me in my youth's hours wild,  
And known me when a wayward child.

But I soon must change the radiance of youth,  
And glean from the world its folly, or truth,  
My girlhood is fleeting, and woman's career  
Is pressing upon me, and lingers now near;  
Is it cased in a smile, or hid in a sigh?  
Shall I gaze on the world with joy-greeting eye?  
Shall I find midst that world a dear resting home,  
Or turn back to weep midst surges' dark foam?  
Oh thou who hast known me in childhood well,  
To thee then I utter my girlhood's farewell.

---



**THE**  
**ROMANCE OF A TWELVEMONTH.**



THE  
ROMANCE OF A TWELVEMONTH.

---

January.

THE world in a shadow has cast its rays,  
And no more the sun's brightest colour strays ;  
The flow'rs have sunk in their snow-laden rest,  
And the plumed songsters are hush'd at rest ;  
Where streamlets babbled in the cascade fall,  
The hard hand of frost the drops now enthrall,  
The hedges smile not to the summer sun,  
And the soft lay of larks is elsewhere rung.  
'Tis winter. The last yellow leaf has died,  
And laurels alone the snow have defied ;

The rose has receiv'd its last sunny kiss,  
 And summer has smil'd its last song of bliss :  
 The hunter's horn is now the shrillest strain  
 Heard o'er the forest, or heard o'er the plain;  
 Like a dream the bloom of summer has flown,  
 Like a dream the earth has still colder grown,  
 And now winter with his keen solemn air  
 Replaces the summer so green and fair.  
 The earth is press'd in a white, flaky robe,  
 And hoary numbers around it are wove.  
 Yet all is not lone,—oh, no, there is mirth,  
 And sparkling gladness o'er snow-cladden earth,  
 Spangling gems dance fantastically round,  
 And the gay lighted hall echoes the sound:  
 The garlanded saloon with dext'rous hand  
 Feigns to be wreath'd with the flow'rs of the land,  
 Whilst from paper'd branch, from each rose to rose,  
 Lamps silver bedight their bright tints disclose,  
 And maidens in pearly gem lac'd boddice  
 Drink deeply the draught of pleasure's chalice;  
 Their tresses are twin'd with bright links of gold,  
 And some chaplets of gay flowers unfold,

Resembling the lily, or the rose white,  
 Trembling under its most beauteous freight;  
 Whilst lips all eager, pleasure swelling heart,  
 In the midnight gladness all bear a part,  
 Till the sun's light flickers from far-up cell,  
 And breaks the charm of the night's gay revel.

#### RETIRING AFTER THE BALL.

##### ANNIE.

See, sister, morn gilds the heaven ;  
 The night shades no more their rays lend,  
 Come, dearest, come we to our rest,  
 Happy tho' mirth, solitude best;  
 Come, whilst that star still lends her light,  
 Come, ere the sun shines fully bright.

##### ELLEN.

No, let me still keep round my hair  
 The diamond-crested rose so fair,  
 And let me still o'er that voice stray,  
 To me the gentlest soothing lay;



My heart no more my own, for he  
 Has sworn love to eternity.  
 My Edwin, love is in thine eyes,  
 And echo says love never dies:  
 Why sigh, dear Annie? tell me why?  
 I can but greet, I cannot sigh!

## ANNIE.

Why do I sigh? Because my breast,  
 Not like thine, is in hope all dress'd ;  
 For I know well the agony  
 Of spending life in misery:  
 I know what 'tis to feed with care  
 A love which seems all dreamy fair;  
 I know what 'tis to turn and weep,  
 And live yet bear a load of grief.

## ELLEN.

But *my* love is a melody  
 Which speaks in cadenc'd harmony;  
 Edwin loves me with tenderness,  
 And in his love is happiness:

This, my *first* ball, shall ever be  
 A ball of treasur'd memory:  
 I am nineteen, and o'er my brow  
 I feel no grief, I feel no woe,  
 My love is like the dewy shade,  
 It is sober and will not fade.

## ANNIE.

Ah, sister! now know I the part,  
 Of watching o'er thy budding heart;  
 Motherless! with a father kind,  
 But yet to female weakness blind;—  
 Oh! I must guard thee with all care,  
 My Ellen dear! my sister fair!  
 Thy heart is in a sunny land,  
 And is led by a too fond hand,  
 Edwin is all dear in thine eyes,  
 But rain is hidden midst the skies.

•

## ELLEN.

Still! let me feel in this late hour  
 Of new-born hope th' entrancing pow'r;

For blithe the night, and blithe the day,  
Which wreathes Cupid's arrowed lay.  
God bless thee still!—God bless thee now!  
Press one kiss on my happy brow;  
Good night,—may dreams summon a throng,  
And midst true love bear thee along.

## ANNIE.

Good night,—good night,—in thy beauty,  
Waft thee in thy dreams so sunny,  
To bluest skies, and purest rest,  
My sister fair—may thou be blest!  
Blow sweetest gems around thee still,  
And angels guard thee from all ill ;  
Rest thee there, in thy first green spring,  
And fairy spirits love-lays sing.

---

**February.**

The wood now echoes with the joyous sound  
Of the hunter's bugles blowing around,  
The neighing steeds, with their manes all flowing,  
Are hardier and still hardier growing ;  
Then over the plain and over the dell,  
Rush the bold hunters to the stirring spell.  
Oh! methinks in that all-engrossing hour,  
Vain man must feel all the strength of his pow'r.  
But still does he think of the leafy grove,  
The gem-spangled road to the heav'n of love,  
And midst all the joy of a hunter's mirth,  
Love is to the hunter the sunniest earth.  
Young Edwin sped on with a joyous troop,  
And ever anon he looked aloof,  
The sky was so blue, and the sun so red,  
That he scarcely mark'd the green leaves were dead.

The trees were bedight with snow-capped veins,—  
 And the birds, tho' feebly, raised their strains,—  
 'Twas a day to chase gloomy care away,  
 And thus sung young Edwin a blithe love lay.

## EDWIN'S SONG.

Come snow, come mist, come hail, come rain,  
 I never more shall range,  
 Whilst Ellen's name warms every vein,  
 I never more can change.

My pulse throbs when I tell that name,  
 And when her voice I hear;  
 'Tis all to me—my brightest flame  
 Is to see Ellen near.

I feel,—I know,—I love her well  
 I tell it to the breeze,  
 To streamlets in their snowy spell,  
 Who cannot flow, but freeze.

Dear love! sweet love! I feel no strife,  
Thou art with me at rest;  
Ellen shall be my darling wife,  
And I shall be all blest.

The sun has sunk in his rich bed of gold  
And has waned as a tale often told,  
Young Edwin has sought the welcome fire,  
By the cheerful hearth of the Lord Devire.  
He listens to Ellen's soft, gentle voice,  
And listening, feels his own heart rejoice,  
He thinks no more of the bold forest wind,  
But he leaves all hunter's thoughts far behind;  
Ellen's tresses fall as rays of light,  
And her eyes reflect the gladdest sight;  
They are as blue as the young heather bell;  
Which oft by the streamlets weave their spell,  
And her form is like a sweet fairy glance  
Of those bright visions of a waking trance:  
Whilst her voice flows on as nestlings sing,  
As they ply aloof their new-fledged wing.  
No struggle of grief in that young heart lies,—

All is still and pure as the balmy skies,—  
 Her laugh the echo of a blithest day,  
 Streaming forth with warm ethereal ray.  
 Oh! happy the age when the heart's desire  
 Is fragrant and sweet as flowered briar;  
 When smiles come fast—as an angelic choir  
 When the laugh springs from the heart's sunny shore.

\*            \*            \*            \*

The dark-eyed Annie, in soft spirit mild,  
 Appear'd a sad token of sorrow's child;  
 Her heart, tho' resign'd, still memory told  
 Of a love which in weeping had grown old;  
 And the Lord Devire had watched her sighs,  
 And had seen the fleeting rays of her eyes,  
 And he press'd his Annie to his breast,  
 He bid her be calm, and her heart find rest;  
 But in a spiritless voice, oh how cold!  
 He said her young lover lacked gold.  
 Oh Mammon! oh Mammon! thou art a rock,  
 A casket closed with the sternest lock.  
 Blessed are they who do not e'en know,  
 Sordid gold alone now makes love flow.

To far India the lover went to mourn,  
 Would he long there dwell? Or would he return?  
 Long months sped—and poor Annie's tearful eye  
 Thoughtfully turned to that Eastern sky,  
 Knew the dark-eyed girls of India's earth,  
 Might take the love she held much in worth;  
 And *her* own dark eyes droop'd, as in a tide  
 Of tears she weeped all her sorrow wide.  
 Her mother died—and now Annie had gold,  
 But her lover came not the tale t'unfold.  
 New suitors she had—Annie could not roam,  
 Cupid's arrows had struck each long shaft home.  
 Now then she looked at her sister dear,  
 As the dearest tie, to her warm heart near,  
 And, as nightly clasped close to her breast,  
 The lovely young Ellen sunk to her rest,  
 Her sister breathed a prayer on high,  
 A prayer to God's own azured sky,  
 And pitying dull Mammon's lynx-eyed god,—  
 Slept dreaming of India's far distant sod.—  
 When she awoke and met sweet Ellen's gaze,  
*Her* dark eye was dimmed in a tearful haze,



Yet hoping still, she chased it away,  
And thought of a far, yet bright coming day.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*  
\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Sweet Ellen heard all the deep loving spell,  
Which from the young Edwin's love-sick heart fell,  
She heard his pleasing voice of melody,  
And lulled to sleep in its harmony.  
And she thought of the sequence of her love,  
The *wedding ring* and the *white bridal glove*.  
Her roseate lips pressed Edwin's cheek,  
Her lashes fell in soft expression meek.  
His arm encircled her slender waist,  
To meet his gaze swift her light steps would haste.  
She loved each tress of his raven hair,  
And thought his love was most passing fair ;  
Then wore upon her small hand a token,  
That memory's spell be not forgotten.  
In the rich blue sky she read Edwin's love,  
And his voice heard in the soft cooing dove :  
In the midnight hour she thought o'er each grace,  
And dwelt on each line of his loved face.

Thus on love's pinions with high flowing wing,  
 Her gentle lays of true love she would sing,  
 They rock'd her to sleep, they help'd her to rise,  
 They formed her visions of beauteous skies,  
 Her bark was on a dark billowy sea,  
 But she dreamed she was on flow'ry lea,  
 She went down the current of her love dear,  
 And chas'd away even the shade of fear.

---

### March.

As if by a light fairy hand, the snow  
 Hangs gracefully drooping on each slim bough,  
 And the sun's rays warm the slumbering earth,  
 Tho' keen the March winds still blow o'er the turf.  
 Yet many a pale flower tries to blow,  
 Then sinks again in its cold bed of snow,  
 And over the white cliffs of rocky height  
 The frost plays yet with a hand of rude sprite.  
 But a spirit is sent to speak of Spring,  
 And the birds from afar bright tidings bring,

In mirth and gladness the sweet morn stirs,  
 And the red sun gilds the tips of the firs:  
 The oak tree so stern seems to smile in its pride,  
 And shakes off the frost which its branches hide.  
 The monarch of England laughs at the will  
 Which braves the cold winter and blows on still.  
 Now London is weary of its long rest,  
 And once more peopled its gay streets are drest,  
 Whilst awakened beauty comes to the land  
 Where joy and mirth walk forth hand in hand.  
 Oh then came young Edwin to the side  
 Of her who blush'd in her FIRST season's pride.  
 How blithe she was, as a ray of glad light,  
 Gladdening all eyes with her own bright sight.  
 Her fair hair bespangled with richest gems,  
 Shone less than her eyes, the bright diadems !  
 Oh, they speak in a trance of love and bliss,  
 It is blithe to trust and to love like this!  
 Not a thought of pride swelled her young brea-  
 For Ellen in love, loved all at rest.  
 She started all beauteous into life,  
 And thought not of its care, or its strife,

Whilst Annie moved by her sister's side,  
Caring for no one in that gay hall wide,  
For *he* was not there who used to stand  
And press within his own her soft hand;  
*He* was not there who used to press  
Her cheek in soft endearing caress;  
*He* was not there who was wont to turn,  
And turning make poor Annie's heart burn;  
No more now *his* eyes shone on her pale face,  
And she moved on with a listless grace,  
As a beauteous flow'r, too pale to be bright,  
Yet in meek beauty gracefully bedight,  
Whilst her dark eyes gaz'd on the jubilee,  
Yet her heart could not take part in the glee.  
Her smile was so cold, and so spiritless,  
It spoke scarce one ray of young happiness;  
Yet the Lord Devire was proud of Annie,  
And prouder of Ellen's free gaiety.  
It seemed as if indeed were given  
To the Lord Devire two pearls from heaven;  
Yet Annie was as a pale falling star,  
Whose own bright mansion was shrined afar,

She seemed to mirth to have said farewell,  
 And had a sadness which became her well.  
 How many a voice said by their own fire,  
 "Soon will die poor Annie of Devire;"  
 There was e'en in her breath a soft perfume,  
 And her eyes glisten'd as a wavy moon,  
 And all believed most true the story,  
 "That Annie had liv'd her beauty's glory."  
 Of Ellen they said, that "She would explore  
 The wide world of fashion's most sunny shore;"  
 From her bright eyes no one turned away,  
 But sought to catch the same mirthsome ray.  
 Edwin was the envied one in the room,  
 For he was called the elect bridegroom.  
 Lord Devire smiled and said, "All in time."  
 Edwin spoke, and *he* said, "Ellen is mine."  
 Annie heard, and yet around her mind crept  
 Visions so dark whilst sweet Ellen slept.  
 They were not of self, but of *her* they were  
 Who was both Annie's pride and her care,  
 Whilst sleeping so calmly by her side  
 In Annie's ears still the vision would glide.

## THE VISION.

ELLEN.

Oh, sister, why did you wake with a start ?  
And why did you utter my name,  
Not joyously springing from your warm heart,  
But uttered in plaintive strain ?  
Why do you tremble, and then turn so cold ?  
And why quails thy lofty spirit ?  
Annie, I must beg thee all to unfold  
Thy dream, or of blame or of merit.

ANNIE.

I dreamt that I dwelt on a mountain pale,  
Where highest cliffs kissed its brow ;  
The hawthorn's first freshness I did inhale,  
And sweet flow'rets freshly did blow.  
I dreamt that dark garbs floated round my form ;  
And blossoms of jet in my hair ;  
Tho' no light jewel my robe did adorn,  
Still dreamt I that I was fair.

And silvery music fell o'er the breeze,  
 And wafted afar its own strain;  
 'Twas heard o'er the mountain, over the seas,  
 And dead, it reechoed again.  
 Streams of tears fell rapidly from my eyes,  
 And over the still gliding wave  
 I heard a lone voice all choked in sighs,  
 And saw there a fathomless grave.

I dreamt,—but say it was only a dream,—  
 That I sought your own eyes of blue,  
 But then, instead of their bright, sunny gleam,  
 You started, and on the sea flew.  
 I stretch'd forth my hands to give a shrill hail,  
 You turned, then sunk in the tomb :  
 Your face was so pale, and your figure so frail,  
 And paler still grew the white moon.

Ellen, it *was*, say it *was* but a dream,  
 Then fall we once more to our sleep,  
 And as o'er thy breast my own heart I lean,  
 Let me dreams in oblivion steep.

Oh, gaze on me long, and look tenderly,  
 Nor laugh if I hardly yet dare  
 Echo the mirth which you ring merrily  
 When you hear my strange dreamy care.

---

### April.

Oh, smiling month of the roseate face,  
 So full of laughter, and so full of grace,  
 Handmaiden thou, in the Spring's own soft train,  
 Echoing on in a showery strain.  
 Typical of the first warm tenderness  
 Ushering in the Spring's happiness !  
 April, the youth—thou, the childhood of Spring,  
 Thou biddest the birds one light chorus sing.  
 Bedight with balm, thy tear-spangled skies,  
 Ling'ring and dying as tears in the eyes,  
 Inconstant rain—as false as a tear,  
 Yet weeping still, to every bud dear ;



The grey morn shrouded in rain-bowed streak,  
 To burst into splendour, too frail, too weak,  
 The young turf trembles amidst snowy elves,  
 Flowers pierce not freely from frost penned cells.  
 Slowly—gently—gracefully from the earth,  
 At length they burst in primeval birth,  
 Whilst venturous buds find an early grave,  
 E'en April's hand not warm enough to save !  
 Oh, harmony of air ! of sky ! of all,  
 When Winter stern bows in a mighty fall,  
 How impassion'd is the voice of the Spring,  
 So hopeful, so loving, so gay a thing !  
 Yes—the Spring is like the warm heart of youth,  
 All pure, all fond, all shrouded in truth ;  
 All fragrant, all trusting, so bright, so true,  
 All laden with sweets of the softest hue,  
 'Tis pleasant to watch the first purple flow'r,  
 The violet kissing the prim'val hour,  
 Oh 'tis sweet to wander in delvy glen,  
 Where blows the violet once more again.  
 To cull it all dewy, spangled bright,  
 And take it to gladden a lover's sight.

"See, see my Edwin, the violet sweet,  
 It grew on the turf, kiss'd the mossy feet  
 Of the bank by the side of the heather plain,  
 Where the wintry robin has sung its strain.  
 Oh, take it, my own, 'tis culled for thee,  
 And speaks, like my love, of all constancy ;  
 'Tis the child of earth fresh from its breast,  
 In regal violet most trimly drest.  
 'Tis pure and speaks all humility,  
 Throwing its odour calmly and gently.

\* \* \* \* \*

As thus Ellen spake, she, a child of earth,  
 All fragrant with youth, all dewy with mirth,  
 She was like the flow'r of mellowy hue,  
 With her uplifted eyes of purest blue ;  
 And when love aided her with its power,  
 She stood as fair as the violet flower.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet Annie, she, of the soft gazelle eyes,  
 She watches the Spring, she watches and sighs,  
 There is in her mild gaze a restless glimpse,  
 And tremulously parted are her lips,

She had welcomed the Spring in a dream,  
 Of what she had once in past years seen,  
 When the dull burthen of sighs far away,  
 Had fled by her young bosom so gay,  
 And now she sat by her casement on high,  
 And sung to the Spring a soft lullaby.

#### ANNIE'S SONG.

Farewell to hours when not in gloom,  
 I sat and sung the spring-tide bloom,  
 Now all is chang'd, yet breathing still,  
 In fragrance, earth obeys His will,  
 Who form'd the silver burst of light,  
 Who made the hedges bud all bright;  
 Oh marvel not, for it is pain,  
 Not change, which wreathes my faded strain.  
 The radiant world is nought to me,  
 A mock of all my misery!  
 The Spring seems to me pale and dead,  
 In vain the violet rears its head.  
 Dew drops hang as a parting tear,  
 Trembling when grief is all too near,

Farewell to hope—I've sipp'd each drain,  
And cannot press the vine again.  
It whirl'd me too long in a scene,  
And now I no more light dare glean ;  
Yet must I dwell where laughter loud  
Shrieks in my ears a misty cloud !  
Yet must I tread at dead of night,  
And revel in the gayest sight.  
My grief is an impassion'd spell,  
More deep than prying eyes can tell ;  
Oh, false one ! still living I pine,  
And faithless still I wish thee mine.  
Live in a dream of loneliness,  
And turn from suitors with coldness,  
Whilst lying sleepless on my bed,  
I wish mine were a shrouded head ;  
I steep my pillow in a tear,  
Yet consolation comes not near.  
Oh where, tell me, is now laid low,  
My once brilliant, my radiant brow,  
Where the spirit of harmony,  
Which lighted the eye tenderly !

Yes, still I roam the haunts of men,  
 Once have I lov'd, then ne'er again.  
 What angel's voice is that I hear?  
 'Tis Ellen's, her's, my sister dear,  
 She sings of spring, hark to her strain,  
 She sings in mirth, I sing in pain.

ELLEN'S SONG.

How blithe, how blithe, the gay young Spring,  
 Wreathes flowers round my brow,  
 How gay, how bright, the winsome thing,  
 Excites a spring-tide glow.

I've cull'd the tufted violet,  
 I sought it in the morn ;  
 And e'en when faded, it shall yet  
 My Edwin's breast adorn.

Fair, fair children of mossy earth,  
 Are ye more gay than I ?  
 No, no, not blither is your mirth,  
 Nor brighter is your eye.

I never fret, I never pine,  
 For I have Edwin's heart;  
 And never will I hail grief mine  
 Unless—love should depart.

---

### May.

As we see the month of May, how strange  
 That earth's fair beauty should ever range!  
 As we walk amidst the flowered bower,  
 And watch each day's new opening flower;  
 As we tread the dew-bespangled lawn,  
 As we watch the red sun warmly born,  
 As we see the moon in her maiden light,  
 'Tis then that this world is beauteous bright.  
 And methinks to bid it in May farewell  
 And leave this our earth, breaks pleasure's best spell.  
 But no,—this is not our lasting birth land,  
 Its smiles but lead us with deceptive hand;

'Tis but a vision of that lasting road  
 When weary pilgrims rest from their load.  
 This is but a type of the land of mirth,  
 Surpassing afar the brightness of earth.  
 In transcendent bliss, hail we then the goal,  
 The longed-for bourne of the troubled soul,  
 'Tis sweet to be blithe on a bright May morn,  
 When fairy-like touches the braes adorn,  
 And clustering pearls with dewy lips,  
 On the hawthorn's bloom false gems eclipse.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who sweeps o'er the lawn, in so deep a trance,  
 With tresses all wild, and with love-sick glance?  
 Oh! awake thee from thy slumbering bliss,  
 And press once again on that young brow a kiss.  
 It is *not* Annie, who in shady grove,  
 Turns weeping, again, from weeping to love!  
 "My Edwin," cries Ellen, "I'll smile no more,  
 But leave not, pray leave not thy native shore;  
 See, see, how the tears fast from mine eyes flow,  
 And my cheek has lost its bright summer glow.  
 Warm it, and cheer me, oh! save me the pain

Of hearing thee say thou wilt leave me again;  
 Turn, turn thee, my Edwin, oh! care nought for  
     pride,  
 Turn, turn once again, leave war's laurels aside.

## EDWIN.

Oh, grieve not, loved one! soul of love!  
 My star below, my hope above;  
 Oh! weep not, Ellen, loved one mine,  
 But turn on me that gaze of thine.  
 Hark, dear one! summer's sun shall light  
 Me once again in thy own sight;  
 My country calls me midst its strife,  
 For British honour what is life?  
 Where'er I go, my trusty heart  
 From thy love never shall depart;  
 Where'er the waters ebb or flow,  
 Where'er the flow'rets die or blow,  
 There still will I in mem'ry stray,  
 And wreathe for thee a gentle lay.  
 I'll hear thy name still through the breeze,  
 And carve it on the distant trees;



And in the east, or in the west,  
 My Ellen still I will love best.  
 Oh! turn then, turn thee in thy grief,  
 No more in tears thine eyelids steep.

ELLEN.

Farewell! oh, word of mystery!  
 So fraught with hidden misery:  
 Oh, yes! I weep in sorrow wild,  
 Weep as a passion-loving child;  
 And I who love so tenderly,  
 Feel separation so roughly.  
 A soldier's life drives away care,  
 To fond *woman* is keen despair.  
 The rocks, the woods, all that we tread,  
 Remind us that our love is dead.  
 Then let me pour into thine ear,  
 The echo of my warmest tear;  
 The poesy of grief is mine,  
 I hail it as a bliss divine!  
 Oh! wilt thou go, and sign my doom?  
 A wither'd youth,—an early tomb?

The flowers which blow on the turf,  
 Will soon spangle my home of earth;  
 My tresses wan,—mine eyes all dead,—  
 O, come and see each charm when fled.

## EDWIN.

Then I will stay in flow'ry bow'rs,  
 And tarry with thee all life's hours.  
 I cannot bear the memory  
 Of leaving thee to misery.  
 No, no, with thee I still will dwell,  
 And hush glory in one last knell.  
 Yet now my heart gasps so at fame,  
 I would that warlike were my name,  
 But I will *not* leave thee in pain,  
 I'll turn me back to love again,  
 Smile midst a sigh for battle field,  
 And be *thy* banner and *thy* shield.  
 Hark to the bugle's shrillest cry,  
 It speaks no call—a lullaby  
 To each note I love to hear well,  
 Notes which to you would say Farewell.

Then here I'll stay, 'tis all forgot  
 That e'er I wish'd a soldier's lot ;  
 I will not say thou art unkind,  
 Pearl of my eye ! joy of my mind !

ELLEN'S FAREWELL.

The dream is o'er: go, loved one, go;  
 Go thee now to the stranger's land,  
 And heed again that shrill note blow ;  
 Follow the brave, the soldier'd band.

Go, loved one, go! the bugle sounds,  
 Thou must no longer tarry here;  
 Every loud note thy heart rebounds;  
 Go, when away still be thou dear.

Go, loved one, go! and in the night  
 Still will I pray, and pray again,  
 And when afar from thy dear sight,  
 For thee my lay, for thee my strain.

Snatch but one kiss, then haste thee where  
 Soldiers their British banner bear;  
 May good angels have thee in care,  
 And think thou still on Ellen fair.

ELLEN (*alone*).

He is gone! and I in loneliness  
 Echo alone all my wretchedness,  
 In burning tears and in wildest despair,  
 In heart-sick sighs and entranced in care;  
 In weary dreams and in faded bliss,  
 Oh, is then all sorrow keen as this?  
 The flowers,—oh they, poor budding things,  
 To them no grief so keen death brings.  
 They bud in a trance, and blow in a dream,  
 They come for a day and no more are seen,  
 And faded will soon be my own blue eyes,  
 Once pure and blithe as fair summer skies.  
 Flow, then, my tears from their own crystal well,  
 They temper the pain of saying “Farewell.”

---

## June.

June, sweet month, fair, most beauteous June,  
Shaking green sheaves in a wind-whistling tune,  
Fanning the flow'rs in a perfumed gale,  
Strewing with essence the soft fragrant vale.  
June is the bride of the summer twilight,  
Her perfume is pleasure, her smiles invite.  
In fair rosy dream sings harmony,  
And kisses the brow of felicity.  
There's a joyous glance in a June blue sky,  
There's in each breeze a soft lullaby;  
Night wanes in her beauty starry bedight,  
And blue bells haunt in the moon's fairy light.  
Full of passion is June—the flowers not pale,  
They scarcely have blown in the fragrant gale;  
The dew-drops which glisten their graceful stem,  
Are bright and lustrous as diamond gem;  
The dear little birds and grasshoppers wild  
Speaking in love of the fair arrow'd child.

His quivers glisten in the red sun's hue,  
 And his love-spells are born in morning's dew.  
 Cupid, conceal'd in a mossy cradle,  
 Is fed with sweets from a flowery ladle,  
 Drinks long draughts of bliss, and laughs at distress,  
 So blithe the child in its June happiness.  
 He smiles, half in play, half anger, at those  
 Who walk in June's parterre, and sigh at love's woes.  
 Did he laugh at Ellen, as by the flood  
 She walked and sigh'd, then silently stood ?  
 Did he laugh as she gaz'd on balmy air ?  
 Did he trace the first workings of despair ?  
 Did he cradle sighs which fell in a trance ?  
*Could* he turn away with his saucy glance ?  
 Was he like the world, all full of discourse,  
 And consoling, making sorrow still worse ?  
 Like the heedless world, seeing agony,  
 Talking with pity of Ellen's beauty ?  
 Then turning to say, beauty should not weep,  
 But, leaving all care, must never know grief.  
 The Lord Devire rallied : Ellen conceal'd  
 A grief which in sighs at first was reveal'd ;

She pin'd as the young bud leaving the earth,  
Too hardily venturing from the turf;  
She drooped as the rose after a show'r,  
Strewing with its leaves a cheerless bower.  
When smiling, her smile but echoed a tear,  
And the old Lord Devire began to fear,  
For Ellen sunk as the moon, in her sleep,  
Kissing more faintly the ocean's waves deep;  
And in tears her eyes met her father's gaze,  
His own saw her faded form in a haze;  
No passionate tears came in showers fair  
To chase away the dull gloom of despair;  
Poor Ellen look'd almost stern in her grief,  
And young in her sorrow found no relief.  
Whilst Annie, forgetting *her* heart was lone,  
By tenderness strove love's absence to atone,  
Press'd Ellen's hand with most loving pressure,  
And clasp'd her dear form, wiping the moisture  
Of illness, which gathered round that brow.  
Pure as the creamy soft whiteness of snow.  
She watch'd her in sleep, and caught her faint breath,  
And sighed at the cough which mined her health,

Heard the sigh, as a fathomless billow,  
 Fanning the cheek and kissing the pillow,  
 Then she saw the spot of deep crimson dye  
 Tinging the cheek and lighting the eye,  
 And she heard poor Ellen in her slumbers  
 Rambling on still in her love-sick numbers ;  
 Like a harp hung by the wavy billow,  
 Were the echoes of the maiden's sorrow.  
 And thus sped June, whilst the starry heaven  
 Spoke no warm hope to the heart forsaken.

---

### July.

Now the glades are complete in loveliness,  
 The birds are carousing in joyousness,  
 The dove is rearing a brood of her love,  
 And none so happy as the cooing dove.  
 In emerald green the soft mossy glade,  
 With daisies and yellow cups gently is laid ;  
 The lilies are pillow'd on wat'ry side,  
 Roses all blushing midst the green leaves hide ;



The clear voice of July is harmony,  
 She comes leaving afar parsimony.  
 Rich in her beauty, and rich in her voice,  
 Gladly the lark makes the warm skies its choice,  
 With its cadenced notes straying aloof,  
 Winging and hovering o'er the brook.  
 The nightingale, with her sunny promise,  
 Drinks long draughts of the summer's chalice.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

But, midst nature's beauty, a maiden sad  
 Is steeped in tears, and in mourning clad ;  
 She weeps, and Edwin, the young lover, lies  
 Cold and dead, tho' not in far eastern skies :  
 He never attain'd his soldier-lov'd boon,  
 But found in the voyage an early tomb.  
 The fever which preyed on each vital spark  
 Distorted his frame, and wither'd his heart.  
 He bore not the banner amidst the brave,  
 But found in the vessel his lonely grave.  
 No dear kindred hands pressed his brow,  
 In the dark raging sea they laid him low.

One plunge—oh, the awful memory  
 Of a plunge which says “Eternally!”  
 No soft mossy blade o’er his grave would grow,  
 No raised effigies the lone spot would show,  
 No sculptured urn, no, not one token,  
 To show where life’s spell had been broken:  
 The sea’s low moan, and the sky over head,  
 Are the pillowing welcomes of the dead,  
 And he who so late his love had plighted,  
 A type of human will, oh how short-sighted!

#### THE DIRGE.

He is low, he is low, where surges meet,  
 Where the wavy billows wander and greet,  
 Where the wild sea mew, and the wilder gull  
 The requiems are, his spirit will cull.

He is low, he is low, in loneliness  
 Has heard the last knell of earth’s happiness,  
 He has faded, the bright, the noble one,  
 He is dead, so fair, so loving, so young.

He is low, he is low, will his spirit stray  
Near the spot where he once wandered gay?  
Will he come once more in the first early spring?  
Or will Ellen's soul soar aloft its wing.

Lone was Ellen's life, lonelier her breast,  
Tossing at night she could find no rest ;  
She spoke scarce ever of her misery,  
But sunk in her sad grief so silently;  
Her voice when she spoke was grief's melody,  
Her form so fragile was grief's poesy;  
Her blue eyes swam in a heaven of sighs,  
Her breath the essence of the thyme which dies,  
She felt she soon would be shrined at rest,  
And fed the belief in her grief-stricken breast.  
Not twenty yet, her young angelic face,  
Her form so pliant, had a Venus' grace.  
With a heart all loving, e'en midst its gloom,  
Must Ellen sink in her grief to the tomb ?  
Oh, 'tis better far to sigh but to die,  
Than, living, still foster the aching sigh,

Yet who had thought Annie e'er would pillow  
 Her young sister to her grave's lone willow?  
 Strong now she felt,—fled *her* misery,  
 Dreaming solely of the memory  
 Of what Ellen *had* been and was now,  
 With her hectic cheek and snowy brow,  
 Her fair tresses waved still near her eyes,  
 But Ellen's spirit wafted to the skies.

ANNIE'S REQUIEM ON HER SISTER'S GRAVE.

Oh, gently blow, fair balmy wind,  
 My sister slumbers here,  
 In life she was so mild, so kind,  
 In death she still is dear.

Oh, gently blow, each mossy blade,  
 And shield the tomb with care,—  
 The tomb which guards a beauteous maid  
 Who died so young and fair.

Gentle breezes, waft your numbers  
 O'er faded Ellen's grave ;  
 Lull her in her lasting slumbers  
 Tho' no hand now can save.

Oh, fragrant flowers, here then bloom,  
 And festoon round this turf ;  
 For, cased in that new-made tomb,  
 Is buried youth and worth.

---

### August.

It is harvest now, and the posies red,  
 Rear amidst the corn their pencilled head.  
 The rich Lord Devire's well-tended roads  
 Are groaning beneath their full harvest loads,  
 But the nobleman sighs, and cannot bend,  
 And turn in his sorrow to mirth again ;  
 And the peasants forsake the harvest home,  
 Whilst around the church they lingering roam.

For there, near the cold turf, their old lord sighs,  
 Whilst tears are pouring fast from his eyes.  
 Pitiful the sighs which heave from his breast,  
 As he kneels beside poor Ellen's last rest,  
 Whilst kindly arm linked round his old frame,  
 Annie calls so gently on his loved name:  
 "Look up," she cries, "to a world far above,  
 There Ellen dwells amidst most perfect love!  
 Look up, dear father, and smile midst thy pain,  
 For there we shall meet dear Ellen again;  
 As I speak I think I feel o'er my brow  
 Her softest embraces around mine flow,  
 I never feel that I am quite alone,  
 For I think of her charms, tho' elsewhere flown;  
 I dwell deep in thought amidst eternity,  
 And my sister dwells tho' in memory.  
 Turn thee, then, my father, turn in thy grief,  
 Say, "Annie, thanks for thy timely relief."  
 She turned, and lo! she heard her own name,  
 And saw her own lover, e'en as the same,  
 As loving, as handsome,—yes, quite as bright  
 As when last he turned far from her sight.

And the Lord Devire stricken in soul,  
Welcomed him with warmth without control.  
He thought not now of that most worthless gold;  
The story *had been*, would no more be told.  
Oh, entrancing!—oh, blissful the loving kiss!  
From Annie's returned, her belov'd Francis!  
Then, there she knelt, and drew him by her side,  
Pointing aloof to the blue sky so wide;  
She could not speak, amidst joy and pain,  
But pointed to poor Ellen's grave again;  
Whilst Francis amaz'd, utter'd one deep cry!  
They shamed him not, tears of sympathy!  
Shed there over poor Ellen's memory.  
A blithe young creature in her fifteenth year,  
Francis had seen her, with her clustering hair;  
Rambling on in a tide of young pleasure,  
The Lord Devire's own youngest treasure.  
Oh, yes!—then he wept at the touching spell,  
The last doom of death, the last sad farewell.

---

## September.

Oh! laughter-loving month, so full of glee,  
 Singing the gay sportsman's bright jubilee,  
 Over the glens, and too over the vales,  
 Telling afar its own full-freighted tales.  
 Laughter-full month, thou the lingering dream  
 Of the Summer's fading and falling beam.  
 Coming when flowerets droop each their head,  
 As a shadow bright of June's pink and red;  
 Speaking almost a chilly memory,  
 Of gay Summer's softer lullaby!  
 September, tho' blithe, of declining life  
 Thou seemest to me as it were a type,  
 Speaking *half* gladly, tho' not in gloom,  
 Warning us Summer must soon find her tomb:  
 Fleeting too fast,—as if hardly aware  
 Thy next sister month will bring us more care;  
 As a parting look, September art thou,  
 Of Summer's once full and radiant brow;



Presaging sombre Autumn's early dawn,  
Tinging the young trees, and searing the lawn.  
Whilst the weakest flow'rets no more dare bloom,  
But in September hail their early tomb:  
Exhale a perfume which is faintly bad,  
And rear colours now but sombre,—sad.  
Methinks a deep pathos most often lies  
Under September's heart-speaking skies:  
It marshals us gently to the long home  
Of wintry cold, and of tempestuous foam.  
To Annie's soft spirit September came,  
Welcome as to flowerets the first morn's rain:  
No more did she say plaintively, "I shall die."  
No more dwelt her soul on past misery.  
But her heart was warm'd with a spirit of love,  
To cheer her father each fond art she strove:  
Francis gazed all loving on her eyes,  
Too often swimming in their tearful skies.  
The sighs which still heaved from her young breast,  
Were wafted gently by poor Ellen's rest;  
The drops of her tears bedewing the turf,  
Fell slowly over the still flowering earth.

For Annie oft wreathed a chaplet fair,  
 And wreathed it too with most anxious care.  
 She placed there the monthly-blowing rose,  
 Close near green leaflets of softest repose,  
 Geraniums whitest, and purest of bloom,  
 Spangled the turf of sweet Ellen's tomb.  
 Long and fervent the prayer which then fell,  
 As Annie breathed a fond, dear, farewell.  
 Deep also the sobs, yet amidst that gush  
 Annie's soul reposed in purest trust;  
 Whilst by her side, in his manhood's pride,  
 Was one who loved not her true sighs to chide;  
 Softly her head on his own arm reclining,  
 Her eyes like stars in his own were shining,\*  
 Pressing on his lips a fondest kiss,  
 Sighed, "Poor Ellen, was thy love like this?"

---

\* This line, if I remember right, occurs in some of Lord Byron's poetry: if so, it was written "per favor di memoria," and must there remain.

### October.

The last lone leaf now has kissed the Spring,  
 A lonely, a blighted, a withered thing!  
 No green spirit of life round it blows,  
 No hidden worth the flow'rets disclose.  
 The bowers are leafless, and oh! how lone,  
 Since the faëried flowers all have flown.  
 Poets dare not sing the October grove,  
 Where so lately cooed the love-sick dove.  
 The sun lies now tranced in a dull shroud,  
 And has not the power to pierce the cloud.  
 The delvy groves, no more rich freighted are,  
 But stand all lonely, as a dreamy star  
 Which lingers e'en after Phœbe's light,  
 Has given the sign of retreating night.  
 Oh! oft Annie watched the waning of day,  
 And still with Francis lingered away  
 In a silent reverie of her mind,  
 Heedless of the northern and chilly wind;

She heard a whisper, but answering said,—  
 “Marry! when poor Nelly is scarcely dead,—  
 When yet I seem to list to her last cry,  
 And catch the sound of her soft lullaby?  
 When her tresses yet may be quite as bright,—  
 When her brow has scarcely kiss’d the night?”  
 But Francis pressed, and her father said  
 ’Twas useless to mourn o’er that gentle dead,  
 For those who loved fondly her memory,  
 Would bear her in mind,—e’en eternally.  
 Oh! Annie felt that thro’ many long years  
 She still would waft there her sighs and her tears;  
 To the will of others thus did she bend,  
 Yet wept o’er the tomb again and again.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*  
 \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Annie knelt by Francis’s side placidly,  
 And the bridal words trembled so gently,  
 As there she changed her soft maiden name,  
 Poor Ellen’s pale form appeared again:—  
 It glided in thought as a solemn stream,—  
 A never dying,—a ne’er fading dream!

Pale was Annie's fair and most thoughtful cheek,  
 And shining midst tears her dark eyes so meek,  
 She arose from the altar, and again  
 Breathed on high a pray'r towards Ellen.

ANNIE'S PRAYER.

Thou, dear spirit! cased in light,  
 Oh! turn upon me thy bright sight;  
 Oh! pitying look upon my sighs,  
 And waft me in most balmy skies.  
 Oh! dear departed, thy help lend,—  
 Look down on me, thy early friend;  
 In melody speak to my mind,  
 Thou, who in life wert ever kind.

My longing heart, at Francis's side,  
 Says I am now a blushing bride;  
 But near *thee* still my heart will roam,  
 As towards my first,—my childhood's home,

I hear thy voice in twilight's breeze,  
And echo wafts it in the trees;  
My morning pray'r and evening strain,  
Is to meet thee in angel's train.

The orange wreath is on my brow,  
My veil so pure floats round me now,—  
My wavy hair in massy form  
Fitted a bride's face to adorn;  
But waft me a breath from the place  
Where slumbers now thy youthful face,  
Dearer to me than love's own kiss,  
The embrace of thine,—the spirit's bliss.

I see thee in thy girlhood's hour,  
Fresh and bright as a beauteous flower;  
I see thee standing by my side,  
A lovely, all expectant bride.  
I see thee fade before our view,  
And drooping thy pure eye of blue;  
I see thee, angel sister mine,  
Echoing now my bridal chime.

---

## November.

The tragedy is o'er,—and nature now  
Is clad without a dissembling brow.  
Not Spring fading, in her first wandering,—  
Not Summer waning at Autumn's bidding;  
Not Autumn gliding amidst the slow gloom,  
Which marshals the way to her slumbering tomb.  
But Winter *is* here, in most solemn grace,  
With its hand of snow and its hoary face,—  
With its frosty eyes, and its own keen breath,  
Teeming with robust tidings of health.  
“Oh! last winter,” sighed the Lord Devire,  
“My Ellen sat greeting by the large hall fire;  
She wove her tales, and she sung her blithe song,  
And she glided in mirth all winter along.  
Like a fairy thing her spirit of glee,  
The bounding young laugh, and her jubilee;  
Oh! once I cared for riches and gold,  
But now I am lonely, cheerless, and old,

The pride of my life, the joy of my age,  
 Oh! read in the church-yard her life's sad page,  
 Read there how she fell with a sudden knell,  
 In love she lived, love was her last spell;  
 I pillowed her young head against my breast,  
 And I clasp'd her in her last dream of rest,  
 I caught the spirit of her fading eyes,  
 And heard the agony of her last sighs.  
 Oh, how I have wept o'er her early tomb,  
 Where she lies pillow'd in her youth and her bloom.  
 Sad, sad is my heart, I feel now the truth,  
 That *age* is not nearer to death than fair youth;  
 The sad knell which tolled for my lovely one  
 A requiem of sorrow and wisdom has rung,  
 And I think now more of eternity,  
 And less of this life's dull mortality,  
 Whilst I love to sing towards Ellen a strain  
 The angels in heaven whisper again.

LORD DEVIRE'S SONG.

She will come no more to gladden my sight  
 With her young heart free and her tresses light;



She will come no more at the sunny hour  
To cull for her parent the spangl'd flow'r;  
I shall press no more her warm hand in mine,  
For her soul is gone to its rest divine:

She will sing no more to the budding Spring,  
She will hear no more her own skylark sing,  
She will tread no more the green corny blade,  
Nor wander amidst the perfumed shade;  
Yet look up, my hope, then, oh no more pine,  
Ellen's bright soul tastes its last rest divine.

She will come no more to the meandering fall,  
And smiling herself thus gladden us all;  
She will mount no more on the highest dell,  
And list to the soft nightingale's farewell;  
She will catch no more the cuckoo's first note,  
And echo it back in her own snowy throat;  
She is gone, she is gone, peace, dear Ellen mine,  
Thy soul is slumbering in rest divine.

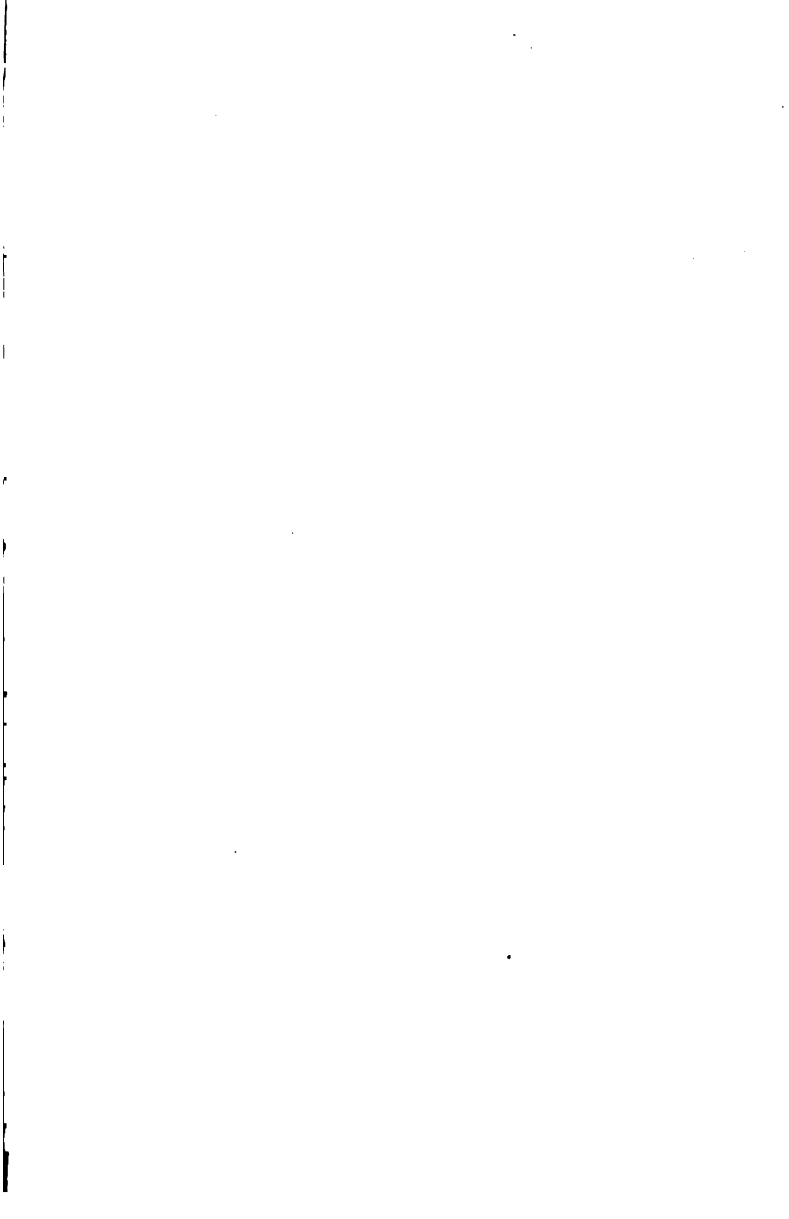
---

## December.

Slumb'ring winter is weaving her numbers,  
 And sullenly dreams in frosty slumbers;  
 The branches are laden with snowy crest,  
 In maiden-like garb the earth is all drest.  
 Elve-looking spirits sing o'er the border,  
 As the frozen waves hurl in disorder.  
 The Lord Devire is resigned tho' sad,  
 Whisper'd tidings make his lonely heart glad;  
 Not glad in *earth's* mirth, but amid the gloom,  
 Gleaning spiritual life from the lone tomb.  
 The fancies of his wild, earliest life  
 Are buried, and slumber far care and strife.  
 To fellow creatures he was ever kind,  
 He lived with a most tranquil mind.  
 Oh, cherubed Ellen! from thy celestial home,  
 If spirits departed here wandering roam,  
 Thine must be glad to watch how thy death  
 Brought to Lord Devire his soul's dawn of health.

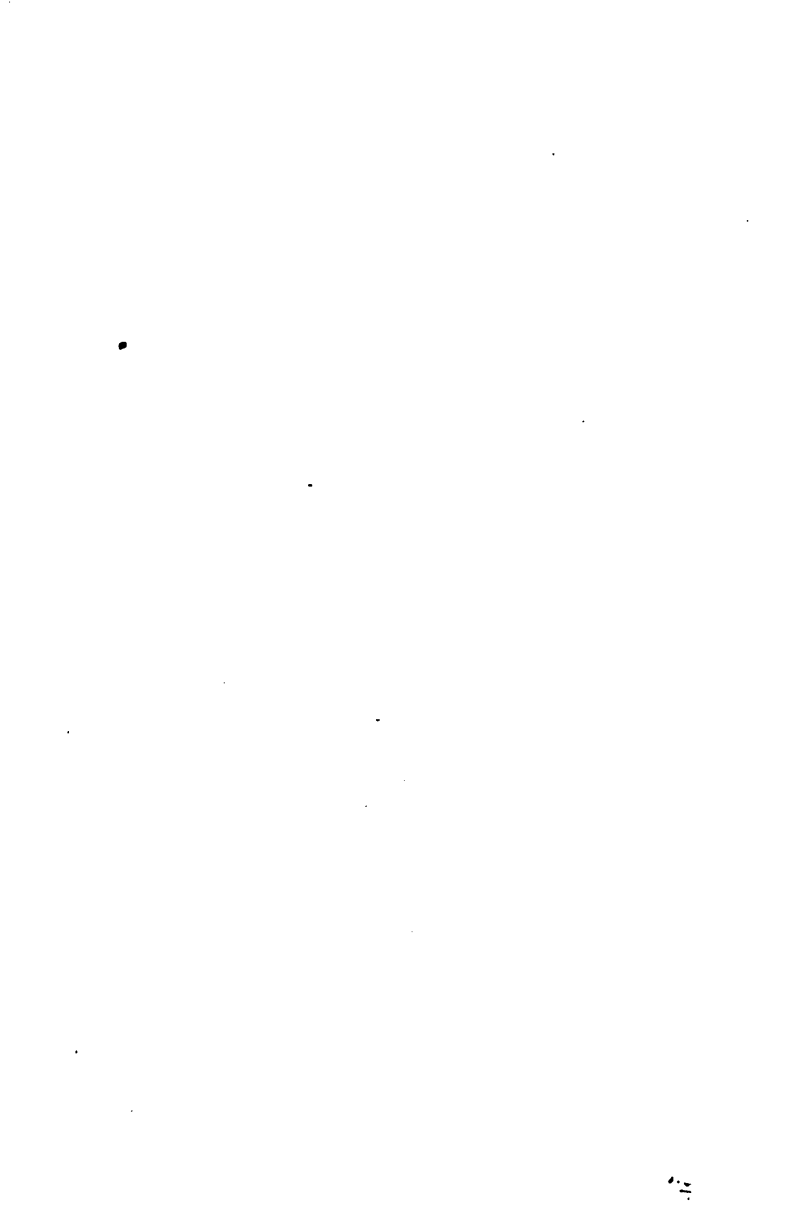
Oh! range then, pure spirit, heed no control,  
 Thou purified, thou angelical soul!  
 Come thou in a midnight dark veiled dream,  
 Come thou, and tidings from our earth glean;  
 Hover around Annie's new happiness,  
 Spirit of peace, come and hail her gladness!  
 Smile at a bliss *thou* didst not here know,  
 With thy withered heart, and thy faded brow.  
 In slumbering silence watch Annie's bliss, then,  
 But watching, wish not thou couldst love again:  
 For love is a false tale often believed,  
 And oft too the trusting heart has deceived.  
 Then farewell my strain,—“Romance of a Year,”  
 Lest with more lines I should trace still more care;  
 Lest I should speak with poetical glow,  
 And weave less tales of weal than of woe,  
 This be then my motto,—“Despite world's strife,  
 I'll look far, even to eternal life!”

THE END.









BOUND BY  
WESTEYS &  
CLARK.  
LONDON.





